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Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
How Bush Can Win
– See page 56

NATIONAL REVIEW

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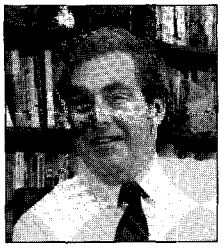
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LETTERS

Calming the Critics

Although Andrew Redleaf's article, "Wall Street Hysteria" [July 8], raises serious points not to be dismissed lightly, I disagree with its main premise: that the U.S. is in a "precarious economic state."

Mr. Redleaf's argument leans heavily on the assertion that the declining dollar has made foreigners unwilling to invest in American markets. It may be true that many foreign investors pulled out of American markets while the dollar was falling in order to avoid currency losses, but that is no longer the case. According to Yale Brozen of the University of Chicago, foreign investment in the American stock market during the first four months of this year was significantly higher than during the same period last year. And because the dollar has stabilized in the past four to five weeks, investments in the U.S. look all the more attractive to foreigners now; after all, our markets are a bargain relative to other markets.

Additionally, although corporate, government, and personal debt is at a record high, the number of Americans working is also at a record high. Rising debt levels *per se* are not bad and often are a sign of a robust economy. It is only reasonable to expect that debt would increase during the second longest economic expansion in history.

Warren Petersen
Chicago, Ill.

Critiquing the Critic

I was surprised to see my biography of William F. Buckley Jr. (*William F. Buckley Jr.: Patron Saint of the Conservatives*) treated so harshly and narrowly by your reviewer ["Hagiographer with a Hamstring," June 10]. I can take criticism as well as the next writer, but I don't enjoy seeing my labors snootily dismissed. May I mention a couple of particularly grievous examples:

1. Your reviewer says that "little is new" in my book. This is simply false. There is, among other things, ample new material on Buckley's parents, childhood, army years, and years at Yale, and on his relationship to McCarthy, Schlamm, Chambers, Burnham, Goldwater, Nixon, and Kissinger. Buckley himself, for instance, was surprised to learn from my research why he had been excluded from the Goldwater campaign in 1964.

2. Buckley's "seeming oscillations" did not baffle me. A good part of my book attempts to explain how Buckley learned from Burnham and Chambers a sophisticated politics in which he constantly weighed the ideal against the possible. This resulted in "oscillations" that baffled some conservatives, including, evidently, your eminent reviewer.

John Judis
Kensington, Md.

Floating Dollar?

I very much enjoyed Dee Rivers Stimpson's article, "Portrait of a Revolution" [June 24], except for one inconsistency: on the first page, sometime during the cab ride between immigration in column one and the Hotel Bolonia in column two, the dollar makes a spectacular gain against the *córdoba*—from a rate of 20,000 *córdobas* to the dollar, to a rate of 75,000 *córdobas* to the dollar. Question: Did an editor miss an easy one, or are things just that dynamic in Managua?

Michael E. Long
Nashville, Tenn.

Things are just that dynamic in Managua. Exchange rates vary, according to Mrs. Stimpson, "hour to hour, alley to alley," from the official exchange rate to the black-market rates.

Assailing Marcos

I read with interest the article by former President Marcos ["What I'd Do in the Philippines," Jan. 22], but with a rather definite feeling that he is trying to do a demolition job on a government that has been trying its best to undo what he has done to an entire country.

I would like to correct some of his statements:

1. The problems that afflict the Philippines were largely brought about by the wholesale and systematic looting of the country by Mr. Marcos and his more than forty thieves.

2. Relations between the Philippines and the United States are well and developing. Mrs. Aquino's visit here in 1986 showed the goodwill she had for the country where she spent three happy years with her husband, the late Senator Benigno Aquino Jr.

3. When Mr. Marcos refers to Foreign Secretary Raul Manglapus as a crony of Mrs. Aquino, one can only infer that he

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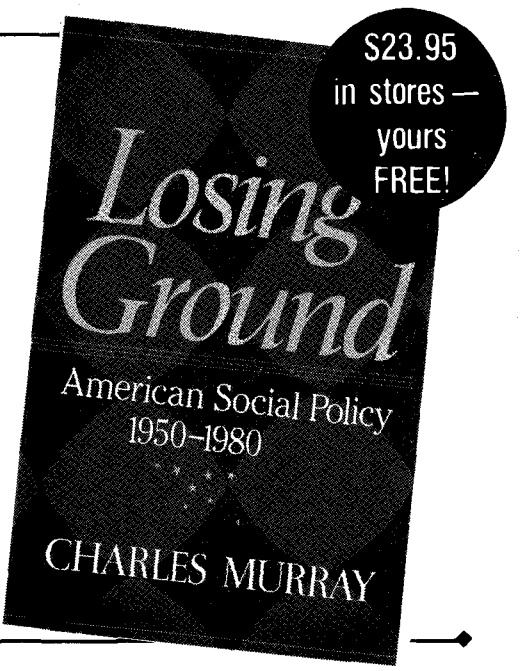

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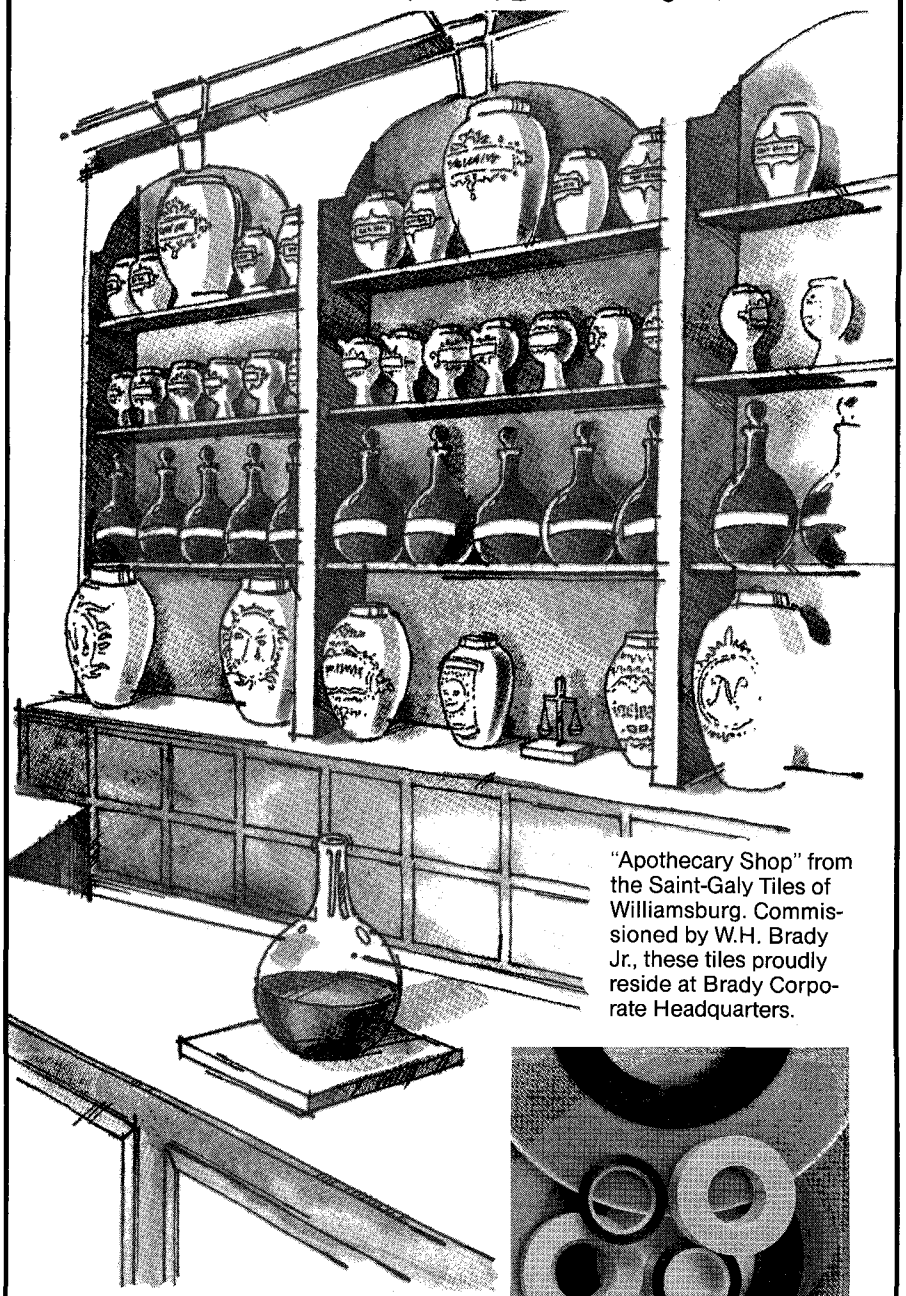

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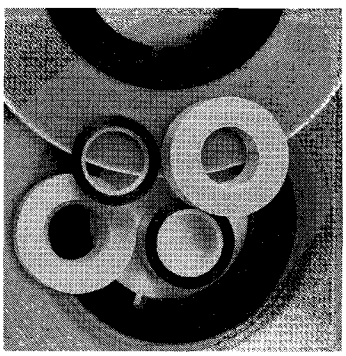

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is trying to think of the Aquino government in his terms. Mr. Manglapus was correct in denouncing the United States' support for Marcos. The U.S. has since backtracked and is now supporting the Aquino government, perhaps to a much greater extent than it did the Marcos government. Mr. Marcos is still trying his old and tattered gambit of pinning the tag of "Communist" on anyone who opposes him.

4. President Aquino tried to get the extreme Left and the extreme Right to join the center peacefully. That she has "unsheathed the sword of war" against the New People's Army when their political arm, the National Democratic Front, broke off peace talks when they could not have the country on a silver platter shows dramatically that there has been a parting of ways with the Left, which had formed part of the broad coalition fighting the Marcos dictatorship.

5. The new constitution has been validly approved by secret ballot, unlike Marcos's 1973 paper, which was deemed approved by a show of hands.

6. That President Aquino is aware of international economics is shown by the fact that her trips to the U.S. and Japan were tailored precisely to invite private investment to the Philippines. She has made the private sector the engine of the economic-recovery program.

7. Mr. Marcos makes much of the dispute over a few islands in the Spratly group. During her recent visit to Peking, President Aquino got the assurance of the Chinese that that dispute would be resolved peacefully, and that China would not aid the Communists in the Philippines.

8. As for the Soviets replacing the Americans in the Philippines, we wonder on what planet Mr. Marcos exists. The Filipino people would not tolerate Communism or Communist soldiers on our soil.

9. While the government of President Aquino is aware of the strategic importance of U.S. base facilities in the Philippines, it is also aware of a strong nationalist feeling in the country. President Aquino has said she will respect the treaty until 1991 and will until the proper time "keep all my options open."

In his scramble to try to get American support, Mr. Marcos seems to have forgotten that it was under his regime that the bases became Filipino bases and that the term was shortened to 25 years.

There is now a move to set up a mini-Marshall Plan for the economic rehabilitation of the Philippines. This involves quite a number of nations willing to help rescue the country that was number two from the top in Asia be-

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fore the Marcoses began bleeding it to death, and that is now number two from the bottom after the bleeding operation.

We can only hope that Mr. Marcos will see fit to return his billions of dollars in loot to the Filipino people so that the task of recovery may be somewhat lightened.

Benedicto S. David
Press Counselor
Embassy of the Philippines
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Marcos Responds

To win political advantage, Mr. David chooses to attribute all the disabilities that afflict the Philippines to malfeasance, corruption, and venality on my part. Mr. David ignores the fact that the GAO Report to Senator Edward Kennedy in May 1986 stated that none of the "charges against Ferdinand Marcos could be substantiated," and charges of misuse of funds similarly were dismissed by the Japanese National Revenue Bureau (their IRS).

If the Philippine economy collapsed into negative growth about the same time as the economies of Singapore, Indonesia, and Malaysia, does that not suggest a cause other than the personal vices of individual Filipinos? Mr. David is too intelligent not to know that the free-fall in the price of primary commodities, coupled with the availability of "cheap money" in an inflationary international financial market, contributed to the debt crisis and economic dislocation that involved the Philippines, together with almost all other developing countries. Mr. David knows all that. He also knows that I have publicly announced that I am prepared to return to the Philippines, where I would be vulnerable to prosecution on those very charges he has leveled against me.

But all this is quite secondary to what I take to be the central issue that Mr. David takes pains to obscure: the emerging policies of the administration in Manila. Whether Corazon Aquino spent "three happy years" in the United States or not is completely irrelevant to the evolution of those policies. The real question is whether Mrs. Aquino has allowed herself to be so influenced by those in her immediate entourage as to have embarked upon an irreversibly anti-American course. Persons like Lorenzo Tañada, the late José Diokno, and Raul Manglapus have written enough so that their anti-Americanism has become common knowledge. These are the persons who have shaped, and continue to shape, Mrs. Aquino's policies.

To date, Manila's anti-Americanism has found expression in the Senate's

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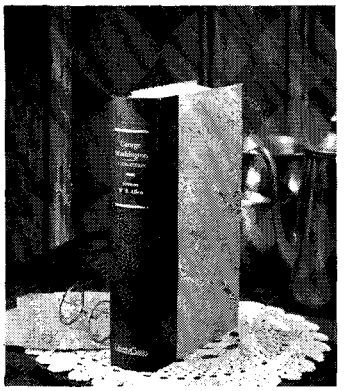

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anti-nuclear-weapons bill, which would effectively deny U.S. forward-deployed forces the use of facilities in the Philippine archipelago. Those senators closest to Mrs. Aquino have announced their opposition to the presence of the U.S. forces in the Philippines. One of her closest advisors, Jovito Salonga, as President of the Senate has led the movement against the U.S. military presence in the Philippines.

It is not that these policies are inspired by "Communism." Such policies threaten the viability of the Philippine economy and the political integrity of the system. The international trading and financial community has made it clear that a withdrawal of the U.S. military and economic presence from the Philippines would radically impair Manila's ability to attract investors. Present "nationalist" policies are nothing more than protectionism—counterproductive efforts that have everywhere failed. Communities that have initially pursued such policies under the guise of "nationalism"—such as Cuba, Vietnam, Kampuchea, North Korea, and Ethiopia—have been able to sustain them only by adopting all the control and management instrumentalities we now identify with Marxism-Leninism.

It is true that the Filipino people are intrinsically anti-Communist, just as the people of Cuba were anti-Communist before the advent of the "nationalist" and "anti-imperialist" Castro, and the people of Catholic Nicaragua were anti-Communist before the advent of the "nationalist" and "anti-imperialist" Sandinistas. Peoples have rarely had the opportunity to *choose* to be Communist.

Foreign Secretary Raul Manglapus, to protect the Philippine economy, identifies the United States as "imperialist." To demonstrate Philippine independence, he advocates "killing the American father-figure." Having drawn the Philippines into what he calls the "friendly embrace" of the Soviet Union, he sees no threat in the growing Soviet military presence in the South China Sea. All of this is a prescription for disaster.

Mr. David surely understands all this. His bureaucratic responsibilities require him to say the things he does. Those not similarly obliged are compelled to deal with reality.

Ferdinand E. Marcos
Honolulu, Hawaii

Omission

We inadvertently left out the author's initials in a late item added to "Random Notes" last issue. The notice of Keith Mano's play was written by Jeffrey Hart.

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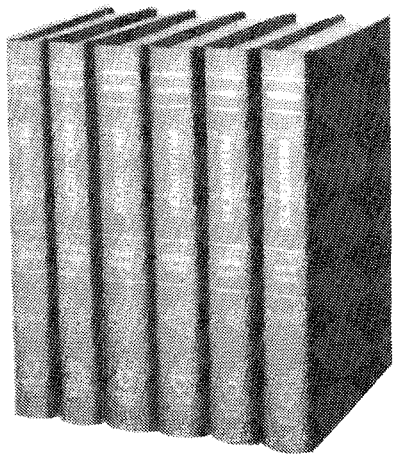

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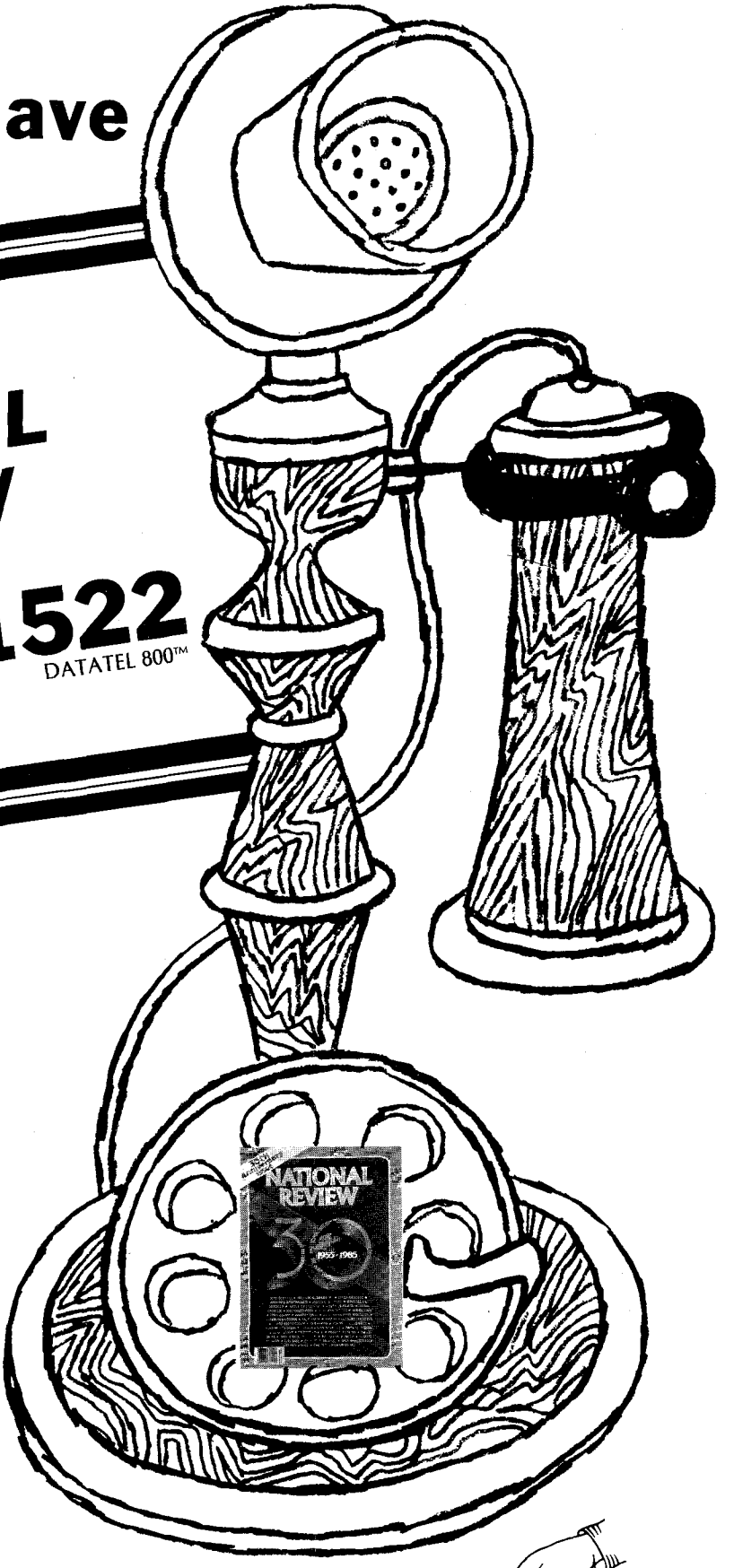

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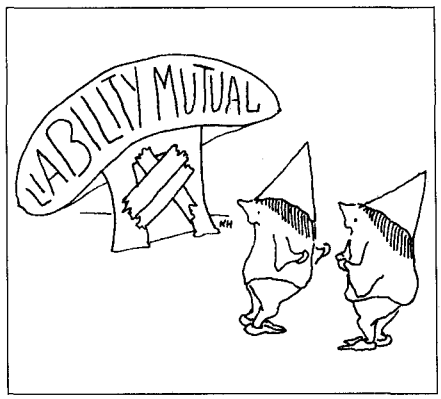
FOR THE RECORD

Rumbles and rumblings in the Soviet empire as Party conference convenes. High Soviet military officials admit to press that USSR made bad foreign-policy decisions under **Leonid Brezhnev**, including resorting to force (Czechoslovakia? Afghanistan?) rather than first considering other options. . . . **Andrei Sakharov** gathers thirty thousand signatures for monument to **Stalin**'s victims and has written chapter in a book calling for investigation of KGB. . . . **Aleksandr Lukashov**, of Democratic Union, harangues crowd in Moscow on need for free press, dismantling of KGB, and right to organize political parties, while police stand around doing nothing. Says one police officer, **Vyacheslav Nikishin**: "Nobody has told us what to do, so we decided just to let people stay." . . . A few hours earlier, stick-wielding police had broken up demonstration demanding the return of Tatars to their homeland, detaining two hundred. Crowds, instead of standing around apathetically as police moved in, shouted, "Fascists! Fascists!" and "Freedom! Freedom!" . . . In Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania, anti-Stalin demonstrations turn into home-rule demonstrations, and most are not broken up. **Stanislaus Zukulis**, head of Latvian KGB, who calls high-level meeting to discuss situation, is heard to comment that *perestroika* can't be such a good thing if the West likes it so much. (His statement was leaked.) . . . **Lev Timofeyev**, human-rights activist, calls for a monument to **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn** for writing *Gulag*, and *Novy Mir* says it's considering publishing Solzhenitsyn's banned *Cancer Ward*. *Cancer Ward* was set in type in 1968 (before Prague Spring crackdown) but never published in Russia. . . . **Otto Latsis**, deputy editor of *Kommunist*, writes in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* that though **Leon Trotsky**'s political views are still "anathema," he was "neither a spy nor a murderer" and his works should be published and his part in Soviet history acknowledged. (There has been no mention of the man Trotsky in official Soviet literature, only of the deviation known as Trotskyism.) . . . In the satellites, thirty thousand Hungarians are permitted to march on the Rumanian embassy in Budapest to protest persecution of Hungarian minority in Rumania. In retaliation, unreconstructed Rumanian tyrant **Nicolae Ceausescu** closes a Hungarian consulate. . . . Voice of America correspondent **Jolyon Naegele** gets 45-minute interview with **Alexander Dubcek**, architect of Prague Spring, and beams it back to Czechoslovakia. A year ago, Naegele couldn't have gotten to Dubcek, and if he had, Dubcek wouldn't have dared talk to him. . . . In fine Iberian gesture, Spanish Communist Party celebrates spirit of *glasnost* by purging the hammer and sickle from its publications.



"They couldn't find any insurance coverage they could afford."

Disheartening news for **George Bush** from Dixie. **Claiborne Darden** poll of old Confederacy (minus Texas and Arkansas) shows **Dukakis** leading Bush 45.1 to 42.3. Comments Darden: "This election is George Bush's to lose and right now Bush is doing a wonderful job at it." . . . Doubts about South are triggering **Dole**-for-Veep talk. *Charlotte* (N.C.) *Observer* poll shows Dole would help Bush more than any other running-mate in North and South Carolina. **Kevin Phillips**, on basis of this and other polls, feels Dole's presence on ticket would be worth three to five points net in Carolinas, "as much in the Farm Belt, and possibly even in California." . . . June NBC/*WSJ* poll shows 56 per cent of all voters would be more likely to vote for GOP ticket if Dole were on it. . . . *Human Events* reports Dukakis has whopping 79 to 18 per cent lead over Bush in California—among gays and lesbians. . . . But the Duke is having trouble with Congressional Black Caucus, which has endorsed **Jesse Jackson** for Veep. Caucus member Rep. **Gus Savage** (D., Ill.) says he may abandon Democratic ticket in fall if Jesse isn't Number Two. Rep. **Louis Stokes** (D., Ohio) points out Dems didn't do so well in 1984 with two whites on ticket.

Problem for ex-Gov. **Bob Kerrey**, who now leads incumbent GOP Sen. **David Karnes** in Nebraska race. Black State Sen. **Ernie Chambers**, who has in past gotten up to 5 per cent of vote statewide, says he'll run as independent. . . . Problem for GOP Rep. **Connie Mack** in Florida, where Democratic Party is fighting bruising primary battle in senatorial race, while Mack was unopposed. U.S. Attorney **Robert Merkle**—known as Mad Dog Merkle, the man who indicted Panama strongman Gen. **Noriega** on drug charges—has joined the fray, taking on not only Mack but the entire Florida GOP establishment. . . . Virginia Republicans have nominated the Rev. **Maurice Dawkins**, a black minister, for herculean job of derailing senatorial candidacy of former Democratic Gov. **Chuck Robb**.

Fun & Games: California State Assembly Republican leader **Pat Nolan** led walkout when Speaker **Jim Wright** addressed Assembly, on grounds invitation should never have been offered to such "a sleazy person." . . . **George Will** says he hasn't read Jim Wright's book, *Reflections of a Public Man*: "I do not read books the authors have not read." . . . Republican Sen. **Steve Symms** (Idaho) has bought Washington columnist **Carl Rowan** a membership in National Rifle Association, accompanied by message: "Your actions speak louder than your words."

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THE WEEK

☐ New Beltway bumper sticker: WARNING: THIS CAR PROTECTED BY CARL ROWAN.

☐ The "futurist" at *The Economist*—he is the gentleman charged by tradition with defining national and global problems ten years down the line—likes to point out that it has almost never been the case, since Walter Bagehot established the tradition over a hundred years ago, that a problem foreseen turned out to be the problem that eventuated. For instance, we haven't run out of oil, as was predicted fifty years ago, nor perished from nuclear war, as is predicted every few minutes. Whether the Greenhouse Threat will go down a decade hence as another twitch from Club of Rome types we do not know. There have been oscillations in global temperature over time (it was cold cold cold in the seventeenth century, warmed up in the eighteenth, and has risen and fallen since), but evidence accumulates that the so-called greenhouse effect is man-made. What to do? There is a sense in which true global action is enjoined on us, if the scientists tell us by the end of the year (they are attempting to meet that deadline for a reliable report) that joint action is necessary. On the other hand, how much is carbon dioxide in Africa contributing to the greenhouse effect? Or—for that matter—in the Soviet Union? More blacks in South Africa own automobiles than whites in Russia. It is soothing to know that there is nothing to be done about it—for a while.

☐ The endless congressional shuffling over aid to the Contras—we love them, we love them not—obscured one of the major foreign-policy achievements of the Reagan Administration, which was to put Nicaragua and its anti-American government on the spot. Which meant that, in political terms, El Salvador and its pro-American government were off the spot. For roughly four years—until 1987—the relevant question was not, Do we oppose rebels in El Salvador? but, Do we support them in Nicaragua? With the Contra leadership in bickering disarray, and the Contra soldiers in the field starved for supplies, the vectors will reverse. We will begin to hear, ad infinitum, about Salvadoran human-rights violations ("linked to death squads" will be the recurring phrase). Sober and approving notice will be taken of the decision by Rubén Zamora and Guillermo Ungo, the Left's political front-men, to re-enter Salvadoran politics. Our inaction will stimulate Communist reactions. Two weeks ago, the *New York Times* reported that a Salvadoran guerrilla commander had gone for "high-level consultations in Nicaragua" to reshape strategy. In other words: from the Communists' point of view, Nicaragua having been secured as a base, it is time to consider how to expand. There is no stasis. The tide comes in, or it goes out. For us, it is beginning to go out.

☐ The insolvency of many Savings & Loan associations, particularly in Texas, remains a ticking time-bomb under the economy. Hundreds of bankrupt S&Ls need to be shut down. But that means the Federal Savings & Loan Insurance Corporation would have to pay depositors many billions that have yet to be collected from U.S. taxpayers. A recent article in *Forbes* explains how the crisis escalated long after something should have been done about it: Texas thrifts actually tripled their "investments" from 1982 to 1986 (largely in the form of real estate that has now been repossessed). "House Speaker James Wright," notes *Forbes*, "bullied the bank board to keep it from closing S&Ls run by his constituents, some of whom raised funds for him. Clearly, Wright has more to answer for than merely peddling copies of a book." Watch for the Democrats to blame it on Reagan.

☐ Senator Howard Baker goes home to Tennessee having done pretty much what he wanted to do—restore order and a measure of coherence to the operation of the White House. To do so he gave up

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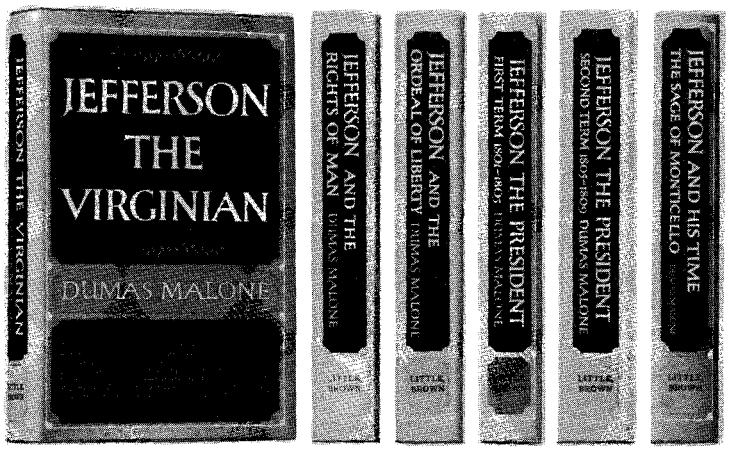

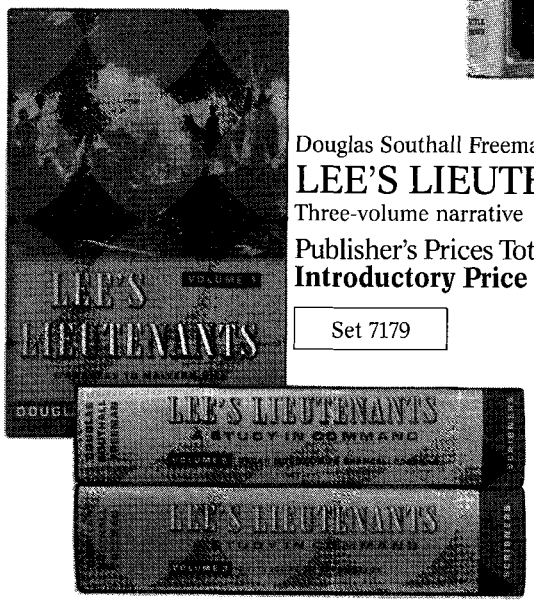

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Ed Meese and Jim Wright ought to thank heaven for Melvyn Paisley. Mr. Paisley's alleged indiscretions as assistant secretary of the Navy in charge of procurement are the talk of the town. Thousands of trees have died so that newspaper readers around the country could read of the allegations: corruption at the highest levels of government, bribes, kickbacks, fraud involving more than one hundred of the Pentagon's top weapons suppliers.

Washington types are obsessed with Paisley & Co. these days—and not just because a lot of people might wind up going to jail. Cato attended a power barbecue the other night where Democratic politicos were chatting up a storm over this latest scandal. It was clear that many of them had no idea what they were talking about. More arrestingly, they did not seem to care.

One Demo power-prodigy who hopes for a responsible position in a Dukakis Administration (it wouldn't be fair to say who—he didn't know he was talking to Cato) grew exasperated when his interlocutor persisted to correct him on serious factual errors. "The facts are irrelevant," he finally asserted. "What matters is the spin."

The "spin" is the impact that a given event will have on the peculiar calculus of national politics. Washington, like the power-prodigy, is obsessed with spin—with the appearance of evil, rather than the existence of the evil itself. It is a bi-partisan obsession: Republicans and Democrats alike tote up the two sides' offenses on a sort of metaphysical scoreboard. The rules of the game go like this: The one who comes out ahead, comes out behind.

Until recently, Republicans had been so far ahead that Democrats were starting to count on the "sleaze factor" to deep-six Republican chances of holding on to the Oval Office. Then came Jim Wright, and the Republicans' turn to chortle. True, Newt Gingrich and his cohorts have focused on the very serious questions Wright's actions have raised. But, let's face it, most of the talk about Jim Wright's dubious publishing arrangements has not focused on the intricacies of the 1978 Ethics in Government Act.

And now the Democrats are getting another turn at bat. They have begun to gurgle delightedly over revelations that Republican Senator Dave Durenberger of Minnesota had entered into a cozily dubious two-book deal of his own—and managed to net $100,000 as compared with Wright's $50,000, to boot. A few weeks ago, *The New Republic*, that most quintessentially Washingtonian of all publications, led with a savage editorial calling for Wright's resignation or ouster, but followed up by gamely suggesting that Durenberger's transgressions neutralized Wright's.

Which is, of course, silly. Durenberger has already been: 1) investigated by the Senate Ethics Committee for alleged release of classified information gleaned while serving as chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee; 2) walloped in the shoulder at National Airport by a woman said to be a former mistress; and 3) arrested for trying to jump a taxi line in Boston. He is also regarded by colleagues as a bit of a flake—a fact that has not hurt the Republican Party in any election (though it may affect his own re-election attempt this fall). In short, the predicament of one senator from Minnesota hardly compares to the situation the Speaker of the House finds himself in.

Which brings us back to Paisley, who has managed to draw fire away from both Wright and Meese. Special prosecutor James McKay is scheduled to trot out his report on Meese sometime in the middle of the month. But with headlines clotted with the contractors' scandal (how long do you think it will be before they start attaching the suffix "gate" to the affair?), Meese is enjoying a reprieve from public scrutiny.

Wright, too, has benefited. The House Ethics Committee has been looking for an independent counsel to spearhead its reluctant investigation of the Speaker, but all the lawyers they've asked have been "too busy." Yet there hasn't been much made of all this—again, in part because of Paisley.

Democrats think they've got another tar baby to stick on George Bush with the Pentagon scandal. On the other hand, the Bush forces have begun to strike back, sending surrogates around the country to hit on the not inconsiderable "sleaze" factor of the Dukakis administration in Massachusetts.

Maybe no one will pay attention. It's summer after all, and a hot one at that. Scientists say the muggy weather constitutes the first tangible sign of the Greenhouse Effect. Well, yes. But how does modern science account for all the hot air emanating from Washington?

—CATO

---

a not particularly good shot at the Presidency, but certainly his last shot at it, for which he should be commended. Yet under his tutelage the White House lost its zing. He compromised with Jim Wright over Nicaragua—and there went the Contras. He worked wholeheartedly for the Washington and Moscow Summits—which pose serious dangers to the North Atlantic Alliance and further endanger congressional resolution on SDI. In Baker's view, compromise was always better than confrontation; and with the Democrats in charge of both Houses of Congress that meant a defensive strategy, which Ronald Reagan is not particularly good at. Ken Duberstein, who will succeed Baker as chief of staff, is cut from the same cloth.

☐ Leonard Matlovich's Air Force career was exemplary. He volunteered for service in Vietnam, and in three tours there won a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart. But when he went public with his homosexuality and challenged the Air Force to oust him, the Air Force accepted the challenge. He was out with an honorable discharge. Matlovich has died of AIDS, at the age of 44. He directed that his tomb carry this epitaph: "When I was in the military they gave me a medal for killing two men and a discharge for loving one." For Leonard Matlovich, love proved more deadly than the battlefield.

☐ In Haiti, General Henri Namphy has just ousted elected president Leslie Manigat in a military coup.

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Namphy is corrupt in the usual way, but controls the armed forces. Manigat seems to have been relatively honest, but also inept; he lasted four months. Whether and when a place like Haiti could achieve a stable civilian representative government are serious questions. Indeed, how to address such questions is at the heart of the historical contradictions in U.S. foreign policy. The Framers were isolationists: the U.S. was to provide a republican model for mankind, no more than that—although, over the years, this was interpreted as allowing selective intervention: in Cuba, Mexico, the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua, Guatemala, and elsewhere. The United States "interest" was the criterion. The much more universalistic strain of "Wilsonianism" (so-called, although it did not originate with Wilson himself) tended to assume that democracy was, potentially at least, the normal form of government everywhere—if not now, then soon. There is no way to refute such universalism, but it is not borne out by history or experience. Haiti would seem to be one of the least favorable places in the world to attempt to put it into practice.

☐ Vietnam has announced that it will withdraw fifty thousand of its 120,000 troops from Cambodia this month and that it plans a total pullout by 1990. Vietnam has occupied Cambodia since 1978, when it overthrew Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge, a regime that put Hitler in the minor leagues (in per-capita terms) by presiding over the barnyard slaughter of two million people during its three-year rule. The decade-long occupation of Cambodia has cost Vietnam dearly. A Chinese-supported alliance between the forces of Prince Norodom Sihanouk, former prime minister Son Sann, and the Khmer Rouge has devastated the countryside, and the Vietnamese economy, shored up by the Soviets, is a swamp of chronic food shortages unable to support the world's fourth largest army. Vietnam is not pulling out of Cambodia on its own initiative, however—Moscow is calling the shots. 1) Gorbachev is tired of pouring money he needs to improve his own country's economy down the Vietnam rat hole. 2) Along with the Soviet pullout from Afghanistan, a Vietnamese withdrawal will improve Sino-Soviet relations. 3) Leaving Cambodia will help Vietnam gain diplomatic recognition and financial aid from the West. Informal peace talks will be held in Jakarta July 25. Meanwhile, the blood still runs.

☐ Pomp and Circumstance, 1988: Queens Borough President Claire Shulman refused to speak at the graduation ceremonies of the City University of New York Law School because they included the playing of Stalin's national anthem. Many dismayed grads waved Old Glory in defiance of the choice of the "Internationale" at a ceremony in which the U.S. flag was not officially displayed, nor the "Star-Spangled Banner" sung.

☐ An Indiana man got sixty years for killing his 23-day-old baby 24 days too late.

☐ Our friend Tom Selleck made history by donating his Detroit Tigers baseball cap, red Hawaiian shirt, and military insignia ring from the *Magnum P.I.* series to the Smithsonian. Tom, if you are reading this, think about donating Paulina Porizkova to us after you finish making *Her Alibi.*

☐ When guns are outlawed, only Rowan will have guns.

Read All about It

THERE'S A MADDENING vagueness about the press reports on the Pentagon procurement scandal. No formal charges have been made, and the public knows what little it knows thanks to apparently illegal leaks about wiretapped conversations. The sex appeal of this humdrum story derives from the juxtaposition of the terms greed, Pentagon, and military-industrial complex.

What, exactly, has happened? The nearest analogy is insider trading on Wall Street: defense contractors have been tipped off about rivals' bids, and sometimes given classified military information.

A lot more remains to be disclosed. Were laws broken? If so, did the violators know it? Was the result a substantial unjustified cost to the taxpayer? Above all, was the nation's defense injured?

So far, we've only heard nebulous though vociferous outrage about illegality and dubious ethics. If the wrong moral is drawn before the facts are gathered and soberly evaluated, the resulting policy choices may harm national security more than the putative graft itself did.

The Democrats are outdoing each other in premature moralizing, along predictable Jacksonian lines: It all goes to show that the military budget has been inflated, not to secure the nation's defense but to satiate private greed—just as we thought! A more reasonable inference is that we may not have been getting our money's worth in military hardware, though only time will tell.

Another possible moral is that government bureaucracies take on a life of their own, irrespective of the ends they're established to serve. Understood in this light, the bribery scandal will have to reach very large dimensions to overshadow the routine irrationality of congressmen who fight to keep obsolete military bases in their districts or force the armed services to buy needless military hardware manufactured by their constituents. But of course these practices, being perfectly legal, aren't scandalous: greed is exclusively a vice of private enterprise.

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Lending to Gorbachev

AMERICAN BANKERS have lent far more to Latin American countries than these countries will ever be able to pay back. The bankers believed that "a sovereign country cannot go bankrupt." Indeed no sovereign country can be declared legally bankrupt. Still, a country may be unable to pay its foreign debts (domestic debts can always be paid by printing money), which is practically the same thing. Our loans become unintentional donations made by the banks' shareholders (and by U.S. taxpayers, who guaranteed them).

Far from improving our relations with Latin American countries, our loans have embittered them. The borrowing governments—which usually have mismanaged their own economies and stolen, or wasted, the money they borrowed—resent demands for repayment. The politicians tell their people that all their miseries are due to unconscionable demands by American banks. At present the banks barely receive the token payments that allow them to pretend that the loans are "performing" (which enables them to postpone write-offs, i.e., to hide the losses). Yet the insolvent borrowers greatly resent our reluctance to continue lending.

We are now being exhorted to repeat our mistake in spades by lending to the Soviet Union. We are told that by helping Gorbachev to restructure the Soviet economy, we would make the Soviet Union more democratic and less aggressive.

Should Gorbachev succeed, the Soviet economy might indeed become more efficient. (It has quite a way to go.) But a stronger Soviet economy would be more capable of backing up expansive and aggressive designs. Would it produce a more peaceful Soviet Union? Should we bank (forgive the pun) on the speculation that a stronger Soviet Union will be less interested in expansion? In the past, Soviet expansion was restrained by our deterrent strength. Increases in Soviet economic efficiency would ultimately diminish that deterrent. Would that be in our interest?

Of course, there is no certainty that Gorbachev will succeed. Perhaps he will be succeeded instead—remember Khrushchev?—by someone with less reformist zeal. But, either way, we have little to gain by financing the Soviet Union.

Still, the Soviet government is beginning to ask for loans from us and from our allies. It will parade its peaceful intentions at innumerable conferences. Our bankers will be delighted. They will insist that the Soviets are good business partners, that loans will be profitable, that trade makes for peace, and that after all the competition does it. Remember the (apocryphal) remark attributed to Lenin: Capitalists will sell the Soviets the rope needed to hang them. *Se non è vero è ben trovato.*

Buying raw materials from the Soviets, and selling them food or consumer goods, is not contrary to our interest. Selling machinery and technology to them is, although it can be profitable.

So is making any but short-term loans. However profitable they might be for individual businesses, it is not in the national interest. The U.S. Government should not guarantee such loans. We must make sure that the Soviet Union can repay them from its export earnings, rather than by means of additional loans.

We can make sure by calculating the average export earnings of the Soviet Union over the last five years and deducting its average expenditures on imports. Only the positive difference is available for the repayment of loans. (Prospective changes in exports and imports could be realistically surmised.)

How can we persuade American and Allied bankers to work together so that the aggregate amount lent does not exceed the foreseeable ability of the Soviet Union to service the debt and repay it? We can negotiate with our allies to decide together the maximum that each, including the U.S., can lend to the Soviet Union. Each government would be bound not to approve loans in excess of the total amount agreed to. Such agreements will not be easy to negotiate. Still, they are in everyone's interest.

Bankers will object. (They object to anything new.) Yet, after the mess they have made with their loans to Latin America, we should not heed them. If our loans become involuntary donations, we will be strengthening a power that may well threaten American interests. In case of conflict the loans certainly will be lost. Meanwhile, if excessive, they may embitter the relationship as they did with Latin America.

The Soviet Union certainly would prefer to negotiate individually with bankers and governments rather than to confront a collectively imposed limit on lending. Still, if the U.S. Government will not permit American loans to the Soviet Union unless there is first the agreement suggested among the Western powers, the Soviets will accommodate us. They want as many loans as they can get.

We have already lent Poland and Hungary more than either is able to service, let alone repay. We should not repeat and magnify that mistake.

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Progress in Toronto

THE LATEST economic summit of the "G-7" nations was widely dismissed as a non-event, because it was relatively upbeat. West Germany was in no position to repeat the usual lectures about U.S. budget deficits, since the German deficits are now larger than the U.S. ones, relative to the size of Germany's economy. The U.S. was in no position to lecture Japan about growing faster, since the Japanese economy has grown at a 9 per cent rate since tax rates were cut last September. Canada and the UK, which adopted major tax reforms this year, are also experiencing vigorous economic expansion, thus keeping more of their own goods at home and importing more as well. All the talk about a U.S. recession at the beginning of the year has faded away, to be replaced with equally exaggerated worries about an "overheated" boom.

Remaining threats to each economy are largely global in nature, which is why the continuing dialogue and cooperation is so important. The friction over exchange rates and trade last October was unsettling to world investors, to say the least, and the partial restoration of confidence in the dollar has since been rewarded with higher prices for U.S. stocks and bonds.

The Toronto summit made a major step forward by emphasizing the idea that monetary policy-makers should pay more attention to stabilizing prices, instead of holding back real growth, or engaging in beggar-thy-neighbor debasement of currencies. Specifically, the summit endorsed the use of non-farm commodity prices, including gold, as an early warning of emerging inflation or deflation in each country. If such prices were stable when measured in dollars or yen, for example, yet rising in German marks and British pounds, then weakness in the German and British currencies would imply that central banks in those countries should restrict the creation of new money. (Indeed, both countries tightened monetary policy on the eve of the summit.) Without some such price guideline, exchange rates alone could not tell us whether a rising dollar meant that monetary policy was too restrictive in the U.S., inflationary abroad, or inflationary in the whole world. As Federal Reserve Governor Robert Heller wrote last December, "Using commodity prices as an indicator will provide a global reference point for monetary-policy action and help to anchor the international monetary system."

The system is by no means flawless, which is true of any monetary system. But it does hold some potential for at least moderating the extreme swings in exchange rates, prices, and interest rates, such as those we experienced in 1978-80 or 1981-82. Indeed, international monetary reform may yet prove to be the second most important gift, after tax reform, that the Reagan Administration will leave to its successor.

Some Positive Developments

At state conventions here and there,
The Jackson faction tears its hair
For Palestinians, a stance
Not calculated to enhance
Decorum in Atlanta, where
Jim Wright prepares to take the chair.

W. H. VON DREELE

Our Bankrupt Farm Policy

THE DROUGHT in the Midwest highlights the pretentious absurdity of government planning in agriculture. By 1985, the same experts who had been predicting permanent global famine back in 1980 were now equally certain that grain would forever be in surplus. As a result, the 1985 farm bill assumed that farm prices would always remain depressed, and thus provided "deficiency payments" to supplement low *prices*, not low incomes. Since shortages are now pushing farm prices well above support levels, farm subsidies are now shrinking in inverse proportion to need.

The "acreage-reduction program" is a New Deal leftover, trying to create wealth by subsidizing scarcity. The program cuts back on the land devoted to whatever crop the experts predict will be in surplus, but it cannot cut back on the land that *other* countries devote to the same crops. Indeed, clever foreign farmers plant most of whatever the U.S. Government is trying to restrict, thus converting acreage reduction into a foreign-aid program. Meanwhile, farm communities in the U.S. lobby to be counted as "disaster areas," since that means they can at least graze livestock on valuable land the government wants to waste.

Why have soybean prices, rather than corn prices, been such a favorite item for speculators on the futures exchange? You can credit Washington wisdom again. There are no deficiency payments for soybeans, but there are for corn. So the government piled up an inventory of unsold corn, not soybeans, when prices were low. Farmers naturally expect the government to dump surplus corn in order to keep prices from rising. Facing the overhang of the government stockpiles, farmers have no incentive to build their own inventories in anticipation of being rewarded with higher prices in times of unusual scarcity. Since the Department of Agriculture has neither the wisdom nor the incentive to stockpile the right amounts of the right farm products, we had better keep a few cans of beans in the closet.

The drought in the Midwest does not threaten a general inflation. The grain belt suffered droughts in 1895, 1912-13, 1933-34, 1936, and 1955—yet the

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average inflation in those years was less than zero. In this case, soybeans are largely an export crop, and the dollar tends to rise when exports fetch a higher price.

The drought also does not threaten a farm depression. One recent *Wall Street Journal* story about the hardest-hit region says, "as many as 10 per cent [of that area's farmers] could be forced back to the brink of failure. . . . Already, land prices . . . have stopped climbing." For land prices to merely stop climbing, or for a tenth of one region's farmers to slip back to the income of 1985-86, is a manageable problem. Indeed, rain in July and August might still do wonders. Some farmers will gain more from the higher prices than they lose from a smaller crop. The others surely won't blame George Bush for the weather, as another *Journal* article suggested they might. But they may indeed blame the Reagan Administration for continuing the meddling farm policies of the New Deal.

How Liberal Is Michael Dukakis?

If Jesse Jackson is the benchmark, then Dukakis isn't all that liberal. The Dukakis forces at the Democratic Party's platform hearings, unlike the Jackson forces, did not call for soak-the-rich taxation, a freeze in military spending, or Palestinian statehood. Unlike Jackson, Dukakis is not advised by the likes of Robert Borosage (IPS) or Jack O'Dell (CPUSA).

But since Jackson is to the left of every Democratic presidential nominee in American history, that is not a very meaningful comparison. Dukakis opposes capital punishment, and has supported abortion since before *Roe* v. *Wade*. Dukakis's economic ideas include a higher minimum wage (a superstition we thought had finally gone the way of mandrake roots), support for Christopher Dodd's $2.5-billion federal child-care program, and a universal health-insurance program for which businesses will pick up the tab—estimated by the Congressional Budget Office at $27.1 billion a year. He would give freedom-fighters in Angola and Nicaragua a lump of coal. When George Bush accused him recently of opposing the MX and Midgetman missiles, the B-1 bomber, SDI, and a new carrier task force, a Dukakis flack indignantly responded that her man accepts the B-1. Meaning that he rejects everything else on the list—or, as a flustered Irish parliamentarian put it, "Half the lies our enemies tell about us aren't true."

Meanwhile, in a devastating series of columns, Warren Brookes reminds us that big government in Massachusetts has ended where it usually does—in patronage and corruption. The most dramatic indicator has been the jump in payments to "consultants"—from $147 million in 1983, to over $447 million in 1987—a phenomenon characterized by the state inspector general, a Democrat, as "large ill-defined endless contracts in which genuine competition is illusory and money is no object."

And yet the question—"How liberal is Dukakis?"—continues to appear in sober headlines, taking on a life of its own. The more his liberalism is discussed, the more questionable it seems.

We suffer, in part, from a failure of political typology, which can be remedied by considering Dukakis's roots. When Dukakis was first elected governor of Massachusetts in 1974, he belonged to a class of freshman Democrats (Jerry Brown and Gary Hart were other class members) who were hailed as a new breed that would make the system work. After McGovern, liberalism clearly needed a new breed; and after Watergate, the country was momentarily willing to let anyone with a fresh face run things, liberal or not. Despite the supposed transformations of Dukakis's personality since then, he still retains much of that character. Jimmy Carter, the Southern Auxiliary, and Walter Mondale, the Ghost of Humphrey, may have made us forget the species. If so, it should be restored to our field guides.

But we also suffer from an unwillingness on the part of the media to identify Dukakis's beliefs and prejudices, which parallels their unwillingness to examine their own. Just as Bill Moyers is only a journalist, so Michael Dukakis is only a technocrat. It's the best way to steal bases.

Hence the media's calls on George Bush to "say what he is for." So far, Bush hasn't done so, at least not resonantly, and he must. But hammering the weakness of an opponent—in Dukakis's case, his liberalism—is also part of the game. Bush has an inviting target. He should keep it in his sights.

Dole for Veep

The Republican nominee, who only reached his high office by another man's appointment, faces a fresh Democrat who leads him in the polls. So he turns, to broaden his political base and show his imagination, to—Bob Dole.

No, we're not talking about 1976, when that's what Gerald Ford did, but 1988, when the buzz is that this is what George Bush will do.

Most of the reasons advanced for picking Dole are fanciful (see also "From Washington Straight," p. 23). Bush likes the advice Dole has given him concerning the politics of the drought? But maybe in the four months between now and Election Day it will rain. By picking their runner-up, the GOP will embarrass the Democrats when they fail to pick Jackson? But the Republican Convention comes after the Democratic one (is the embarrassment supposed to be retroactive?).

In fairness, the conventional rap against Dole—that

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he has a "mean streak"—is also phony. Dole is supposed to have lost the 1976 election by snarling about "Democrat wars." In fact, if any one phrase threw it to Carter, it was Ford's premature liberation of Poland. Dole's spleen was about the only interesting thing the Ford campaign had going for it.

What is depressing about the Dole talk is the sheer *Republicanness* of it. The Democrats are sailing into their convention in a peaceful and unified mood. If the Republicans do the same, the election will break along traditional partisan lines. Which means, given the registration figures, a Democratic victory.

Bush comes across as a pillar of the party establishment, who has been around as long as the Acropolis. So does Dole. A little variety in the Number Two slot—Sandra Day O'Connor? Jeane Kirkpatrick? Don Hodel?—would be in order.

General Principles

THE DEMOCRATS' 1988 platform, drafted by Theodore Sorensen, is only four thousand words long, about a tenth as long as the 1984 edition. It may be revised in Atlanta, but at the moment it nicely expresses the Dukakis approach to the fall election—saying as little as possible, while communicating with special interests through winks and code words. Lenin would call it Aesopian.

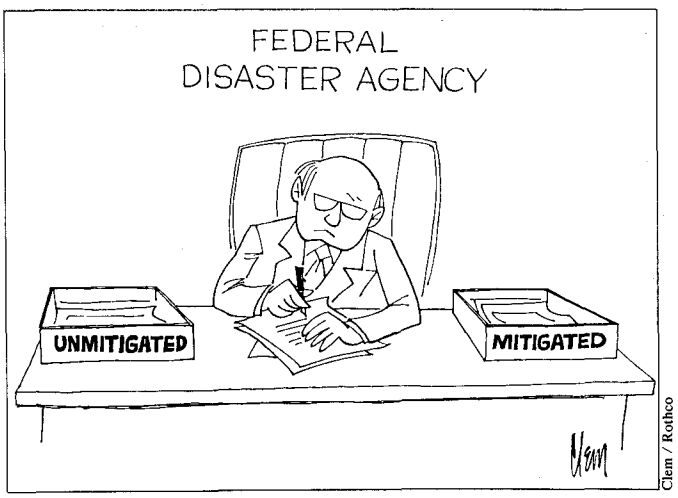
Overriding the Jesse Jackson wing of the party, the platform avoids calling for tax hikes or defense cuts. The hard-core can count on both, so why alert the general public, or give George Bush ammunition?

The text says blandly: "We believe that equal access to government services, employment, housing, business enterprise, and education should be assured in this multicultural society to every citizen regardless of race, sex, national origin, religion, age, handicapping condition, or sexual orientation." The last two words tip off the gay lobby without scaring the horses.

Also buried in there is a clause saying that "reproductive choice should be guaranteed regardless of ability to pay." Translation: The taxpayer will be forced to pay the abortionist.

Not that the Jackson forces have been entirely frustrated. South Africa is labeled a "terrorist state," and nothing positively offensive to the Jacksonians has been included. In fact, the party's left wing has cooperated in producing this low-profile consensus platform. "We could come in to sack and ruin, particularly with the number of delegates we have," says Robert Borosage of the hard-left Institute for Policy Studies, who is Jackson's top issues advisor. "But we're not doing that. We've agreed to disagree, but that in itself is a form of agreement."

It sure is. Dukakis is to the "right" of Jackson only in velocity. They don't disagree in principle, except on the Middle East, where Jackson wants the party to call for a Palestinian state (fat chance). They merely differ about the timing, tactics, and posturing with which the socialist paradigm should be approached.



During their debates, one member of the platform committee, referring to prenatal care, let slip the phrase "protection of the unborn." He immediately realized he'd committed a gaffe. This platform is for Mother and the Flag, all right—it being understood that the flagwaving is pro forma and Mother retains her right to abort.

The Bishops and SDI

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC bishops, as expected (see "The Week," May 13), have anathematized SDI as an "obstacle . . . to effective movement on arms control" (the bishops also deplore the cost of the system and its potential for aggressive use, but this is the main objection). You would think that a defensive system would satisfy the moral strictures of "The Challenge of Peace," the bishops' 1983 pastoral letter on nuclear war. But, as Father Bryan Hehir puts it, a defensive system must be judged not only in itself, but in relation to the reaction it will provoke. Since the Soviets have said they dislike and fear SDI, its deployment would impede U.S.-Soviet arms negotiations. Therefore it should not be deployed.

Without much tugging, this would also serve as a rationale for pacifism (which indeed a number of bishops openly embrace): since any form of defense is likely to provoke an aggressor, it is best not to defend yourself at all. QED.

Arguing with the bishops, however, is probably to take them too seriously. Their dense pronouncements on public policy are what no-Popery nuts in earlier times had in mind when they used the word "Jesuitical": shyster-lawyer arguments spun to justify predetermined conclusions.

At least sinister Jesuits were seen as pursuing their own agenda. The American bishops are signing off on the agenda of Gorbachev's military planners. Maybe

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for all those years the Soviets have been praying for the conversion of the Church.

Space: Forget about Mars

LARGELY UNNOTICED in the orgy of fellowship that dominated the Moscow Summit was a proposal made by the USSR to which President Reagan just said no. Shortly before the President enplaned for Helsinki, Mikhail Gorbachev floated a trial balloon calling for a joint mission to Mars. This initiative, long advocated by the likes of Carl Sagan, was immediately applauded by scientists and others captivated by the image of the two superpowers collaborating in conquering the heavens.

Fortunately, in a nearly singular display of good sense, the Administration politely declined Mr. G's invitation. It did so for several sound reasons:

1. The United States was taken to the cleaners on the transfer of militarily applicable technology to the Soviets during the last great cooperative venture in outer space, the *Apollo-Soyuz* mission. For example, the computational and operational skills required to execute the link-up of the U.S. and Soviet spacecraft —provided as part of the United States' contribution to this endeavor—stood the Soviet Union in good stead as it developed and deployed space stations heavily utilized for military purposes. The enormous investment entailed in going to Mars with the Soviets —requiring extensive sharing of, among other things, sensitive U.S knowledge of advanced materials, computing, propulsion, and scientific techniques—would be likely to make the strategic costs of the earlier collaboration appear trivial.

2. Prudent observers of the Soviet Union (that rules out Commerce Secretary William Verity and some five hundred U.S. CEOs he recently led to the USSR in search of trade and investment opportunities) agree on one point: this is a risky time to be making long-term commitments to the Soviet regime. No one can be sure how long Gorbachev will be around; the soothing talk of reform and *glasnost* could suddenly be cast aside, revealing the abiding military power and aggressive intentions of the Soviet Union.

Were we to embark upon a mission to Mars with the Soviet Union requiring ten to 15 years and scores of billions of dollars to plan and execute, imagine the unpleasant policy choices a future President might encounter. If the USSR chooses to re-invade Afghanistan or brutally repress Gorbachev's Polish or Czech admirers, would the United States choose—at untold cost—to terminate its participation, or would it simply look the other way in an effort to "insulate" science from politics? The only way to avoid such a Hobson's choice is to decline to participate in the first place.

3. By far the best reason, however, is that going to Mars simply is not our top space priority. Astronaut Sally Ride concluded in a seminal study for NASA that there were abundant more urgent tasks awaiting the U.S. space program: learning more about *this* planet, operating an orbiting space station, and returning to the Moon, to name a few.

An even better use of limited U.S. space resources might be a concerted effort to develop the Aerospace Plane. Unlike the Mars excursion, this program could produce in the reasonably near future a vehicle with real practical applications, thanks to its ability to operate both within and outside of the atmosphere. The Aerospace Plane would not only be justified by its considerable potential for civil and military uses; it could also provide the sort of impulse to the American people and American industry usually advertised for the Mars mission—at a fraction of the cost and with none of the dangers inherent in so complex and lengthy a joint venture with the USSR.

It's Too Darn Hot

Something there is that doesn't love
A greenhouse stretching miles above
Where oil and other fossil fuels
Make Santa sweat on sultry Yules,
While in the tundra, igloos drip
And no one licks a double-dip
Because, before you get it down,
It's possible that you could drown.

W. H. VON DREELE

Confident Consumers

THE CONFERENCE BOARD reported last week that consumer confidence is at an 18-year high. The Board's Consumer Confidence Index (1985 base level = 100) registered 119.2 in May, 16.2 points above May of last year, and the highest reading since 1969.

Only 5.5 per cent of the five thousand U.S. households surveyed anticipate that business conditions will deteriorate in the next six months, down nearly a full point from the previous month. This figure had been above 12 per cent during the month following the stock-market crash.

This trend is corroborated by Albert Sindlinger's weekly survey of 1,500 households. Rather than ask consumers their opinions about the economic outlook, he zeroes in on their incomes and debt situations, coming up with a measure he calls household money supply, his proxy for consumer confidence.

Sindlinger finds a particularly sharp rise in confidence in the Rust Belt states, where manufacturing is experiencing something of a renascence owing to higher demand for U.S. goods abroad. Only four

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states are currently experiencing recessions, according to Sindlinger: Oklahoma and Louisiana, whose economies continue to be pulled down by low oil prices, and Mississippi and West Virginia, which are "perpetually in recession."

Legal Services Reform: The Time Is Now

FOR MANY YEARS, conservatives have tolerated the Legal Services Corporation notwithstanding its ideologization by the Left. Ronald Reagan, as governor of California, was so outraged by typical maneuvers of that time's equivalent of the legal-services outfit that he swore he would forfeit federal revenues rather than fund it. His point was that it is one thing to help a poor woman to get a divorce from a wife-beating husband, or a widow to press for her Social Security payment, or a working student to assert his rights against the landlord—something else to fund movements to do away with monogamy laws, lobby for negative income taxes, or urge the socialization of housing.

Reagan was never, as President, successful in eliminating that part of Legal Services that continues to play ideology, rather than offer legal relief. Senator Warren Rudman—yes, of Gramm-Rudman, and a Republican from New Hampshire—was always there to block any effort to reform the Legal Services Corporation. But this year it may be different, thanks in large part to Clark Durant, the dynamic young chairman of LSC. With the help of Senators Phil Gramm, Charles Grassley, and Alan Simpson, and of Representatives Bill McCollum, Trent Lott, and Hal Rogers, the idea is to insist that any appropriation for legal services for the poor be used for legal services for the poor—not for funding the think tanks and legal-reform centers that have been doing the house-wrecking.

Now, on top of that reform, Durant has proposed (to a shocked audience of the American Bar Association) that while elementary legal work for the poor should continue to be done by volunteer lawyers, as is traditional, some of it should also be turned over to paralegals or even laymen, where the problem is non-technical. You don't need a lawyer to write out a will or, for that matter, to face down the landlord. Stout-hearted men and women can do it with a little experience, even if they have no formal legal training. Why not greatly increase the help given to the poor that can be extended by non-lawyers?

That suggestion has been termed "condescending and silly" by the *Washington Post*, but has won important allies among non-Republicans. Alan Morrison is the co-founder of the Public Citizen Litigation Group, an offspring of Ralph Nader's. "For the past 15 years," he writes, "I have spent a substantial portion of my professional life battling the organized bar in order to increase the availability and affordability of legal services to all Americans. . . . there are many tasks in areas of great concern to the poor, such as divorce and bankruptcy, which could be easily and properly handled by persons who are not full-fledged lawyers—and at a fraction of the cost. But the bar sees this as an incursion on its turf."

When Ralph Nader's associates climb onto a bandwagon pulled by an adventurous Reagan appointee, a political revolution is on the march. George Bush and other Republicans should hop aboard.

W. H. Hutt, RIP

I MET HIM first in South Africa, in 1962. In Capetown, he told how apartheid could not work in the long term, and explained how it had become an effective instrument by which white labor unions preserved privileges over black workers. Notwithstanding his professional distinction (by 1962, he was acknowledged as one of the foremost critics of John Maynard Keynes), Hutt was encouraged to leave the country after the publication of his book *Economics of the Color Bar*, and he came to the United States.

He traveled and lectured throughout the land, but made the University of Dallas his headquarters. His distinctive appearance (cherubic face, snow-white hair) was complemented by a distinctive manner (in the middle of a missile crisis, Professor Hutt might undertake to explain to you why Say's Law was actually correct). He attended regularly conventions of the Mont Pelerin Society, the principal tablet-keepers of the free market; the Philadelphia Society; and the Heritage Foundation. He was nominated more than once for a Nobel Prize, and was the author of 12 books (among them, *The Theory of Collective Bargaining*, *The Theory of Idle Resources*, and *A Rehabilitation of Say's Law*) and 75 scholarly articles. He was 89 when he died, and was hard at work on his memoirs. —WFB

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memo to: Our Readers
From: WFB

Two matters of interest. The first is the reappearance, after a furlough much too long, of Neal Freeman as a regular columnist. He was for some years our Washington correspondent. And, many years before that, he was aboard as an editorial assistant, and then as assistant campaign manager for Buckley for Mayor (it

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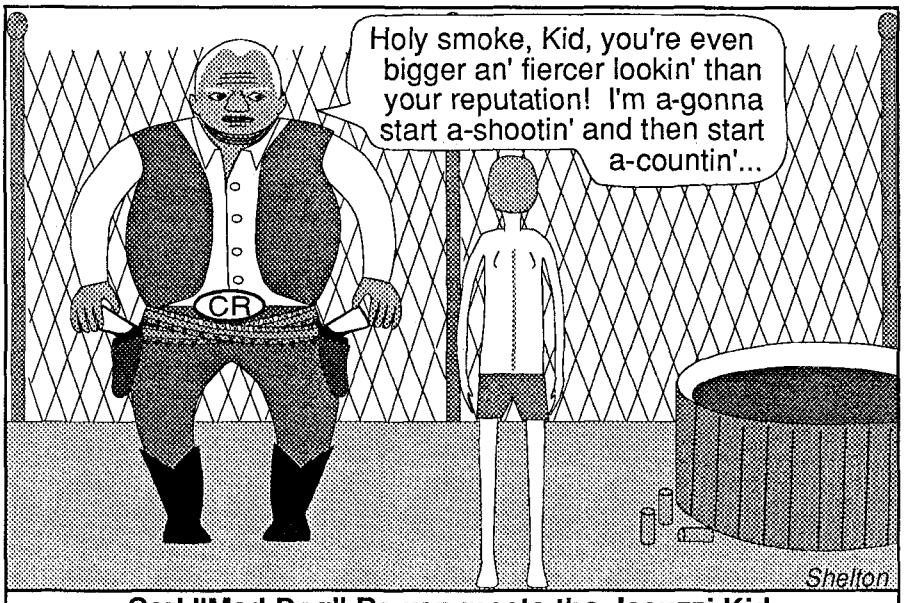
Holy smoke, Kid, you're even bigger an' fiercer lookin' than your reputation! I'm a-gonna start a-shootin' and then start a-countin'...
CR
Shelton
Carl "Mad Dog" Rowan meets the Jacuzzi Kid.

was then that he learned the difference between his political intelligence and that of the average voter). He left New York City to found his myriad enterprises in Washington and Virginia, and he now serves as head of the Blackwell Corporation, which among other things produced last year's television special on *The Conservatives*. Neal Freeman combines knowledge, insight, and wit: and we welcome him back. He will write under the rubric of "The Central Front." See page 29.

—And we neglected, inadvertently, to remind our readers that Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, the most learned man since Erasmus, is returning yet again for his fall lecture tour in the United States. Do not miss an opportunity to engage his services for your club, your college, your church, your bar mitzvah. Mr. Leddihn will lecture in any language except Byelorussian, and will perform at any function except a Black Mass. He is our most distinguished living contributor, and he has written for the magazine since its inception. Write to him directly to make arrangements or to ask questions. His address is: Lans, Tyrol, Austria, A-6072.

☐ Memo to: Ed Rubenstein
From: Bill

You reported in your "Right Data" box in the editorial section that the Dow Jones all-time high was in 1967. The enclosed from Wood, Struthers & Winthrop says otherwise: ". . . Except for a nine-month period in 1987, the major stock indices have never been higher." Who's right?

Memo to: WFB
From: Ed Rubenstein

Both we and they are right.

Our assertion that stock prices peaked in the late Sixties is based on stock prices adjusted for inflation. Consumer prices are about three and a half times higher now than in 1967; the major stock indexes haven't kept pace with that inflation.

Their statement that "Except for a nine-month period in 1987, the major stock indices have never been higher" is based on unadjusted stock prices, i.e., prices as reported in the newspapers.

In the "Right Data" column we show the historical trends of both the unadjusted and adjusted S&P 500 stock index. Our conclusion regarding the deleterious effect of capital-gains taxes is based on the movement of the adjusted stock index.

The long-term relationship between tax rates and real stock prices is, so far as I know, ignored by these investor-advisory services.

☐ Dear Bill:
Thought you would be amused (and horrified) at a new word in the nautical vocabulary.

Best regards,
Charles Lowrey
San Francisco, Calif.

[*Enclosure, excerpt from funeral notices*, San Francisco Chronicle]

"SCHOONMAKER, Elizabeth Filson—A longtime resident of San Rafael, died March 25 . . . Mr. and Mrs. Schoonmaker were Commodore and Commadorable of the St. Francis Yacht Club . . ."

Dear Charles: No. No! Let's just hope St. Peter hasn't seen it. Cordially, Bill

☐ Dear Bill:
I think this is appropriate, yes?

kak-is-toc-ra-cy *n* -ES [Gk *kakistos* (superl. of *kakos* bad) + E *-cracy*—more at CACK]: government by the worst men

There once was a splendid democracy
Whose pols were consumed by hypocrisy.
Their sole creed was "Win—
Just get and stay in"
So it died under Dukakistocracy.

David [Brudnoy]
Boston, Mass.

Dear David: It *certainly* is! Cordially, Bill
—WFB

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BUSH–DOLE

AT THE END of April, reviewing George Bush's options in choosing a running-mate, this scribe noted that the march to New Orleans would be a long one and that the calculus of Veep selection might well shift. The political landscape has indeed shifted seismically and the result has been to tilt Bush toward tapping Bob Dole for the ticket.

Just sixty days ago, Dole seemed an unlikely choice, his distaste for Bush being so obvious. It was not apparent then, of course, that the real Massachusetts miracle would be the extent to which Michael Dukakis would pass Bush in head-to-head polls. With recent surveys showing even the South softening toward Dukakis, the GOP Veepstakes has entered a whole new phase.

Bush's running-mate choice will hinge in part on Dukakis's: the Massachusetts governor can head South, or he can stick with the Northeast or Midwest. The argument for the South is that the only way the Duke would have a chance there is by choosing a Southern running-mate. The argument for the other two regions is that Dukakis may as well cut his losses, write off the South, and play to his strongest suit.

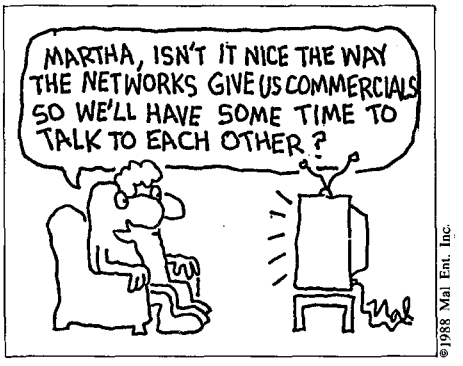
As things now stand, Dukakis is going with the Southern strategy. His people are busy vetting three hot contenders: Senators Lloyd Bentsen (Texas), Bob Graham (Florida), and—surprisingly, considering the hostility of the primary campaign—the *Wunderkind* of 1988, Albert Gore (Tennessee). Each of these three is now testing his own waters. Graham, for example, hopes to run for the Presidency in his own right eventually. So he's leaving it to his pollsters to tell him whether, on the bottom half of the Dukakis ticket, he has a reasonable chance of carrying Florida. If the answer is no (as now seems to be the case), Graham will decline any Dukakis invitation.

Bentsen, on the other hand, might well carry not only Texas but also the neighboring energy-producing states of Oklahoma and Louisiana. Like Graham, he wants to be assured that running on a losing ticket will not jeopardize his political future. Gore is the only one who would accept a Dukakis offer automatically.

Assuming that Dukakis lures either Graham or Bentsen onto the ticket, geography becomes of real importance to Bush. With California's basket of electoral votes a toss-up, and the prospect of a horse race in Texas and, conceivably, Florida, the GOP must secure the heartland to win.

Enter Dole. Since the venomous primaries, he has given more than a dozen searing stump speeches against Dukakis and for Bush. Why is Dole now back in the act? One explanation that has been offered is that Dole is doing all in his power to court the Bush nod. This is a generous misreading of the facts. It is more likely that Dole's verbal bouquets for Bush were presented as a shield against blame. To insulate himself from charges that his well-known acerbic tongue helped sink Bush in 1988 (which might ruin Dole's chances of running for the GOP presidential nomination again himself), Dole is going out of his way to set the record straight.

Dole's harsh campaign attacks on Bush during the heat of the primaries have been catalogued and stored in Dukakis's video archives, for campaign use come autumn. Dole's success on the stump probably offers the best vaccine for Bush against these planned playbacks.



Dole would help Bush in farm states. Six weeks ago those states had been looking much better for the GOP, thanks to unprecedented federal farm subsidies and a sizably increased foreign demand for U.S. grain. A sectoral recovery was under way. Then the drought hit, and all that has changed. Farmers may take out their resentment on the Republicans. At best, farm states oscillate somewhat unpredictably in presidential races. The GOP calculus now is that the Senate Minority Leader could help Bush in Missouri, Ohio, and Illinois, thus counterbalancing a serious Southern setback.

THERE ARE risks to choosing Dole. Ford tried it in 1976, and Dole's imbroglio in his debate with Mondale took away the critical momentum Ford needed to hang on to the White House. With his strong persona and penchant for calling it as he sees it, Dole might easily upstage Bush.

But Dole polls well in liberal territory. In Florida, for example, Bush does well in the more conservative panhandle, whereas Dole outpolls him in many other areas. Together, they could win the state, even against a native son like Graham. And if Dole was able to nail down even three or four Midwestern states, Bush should become the next President.

Cynics might say that if Dole accepts the spot, he will be counting on Bush to lose, putting Dole in position for a last-gasp 1992 presidential run at the age of 68. Certainly the only chance Dole has left to become President is the Veep position on the Bush ticket. Unless Bush-Dukakis polls dramatically shift in Bush's favor, watch for a Bush-Dole ticket. □

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ABRAMS
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A(C)KERLY
ACKERMAN
ACKERS
ACTON
ADAIR
ADAM(S)
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AIKEN(S)
AINSWORTH
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ALBERT(S)
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ANDREW(S)
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ARCHER
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ARMI(I)STEAD
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ARROWSMITH
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DAVENPORT
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DRINKWATER
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DRYDEN
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HALLEY-BECK
HALLET(T)
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HAUS(E)MAN(N)
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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEADLEY
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HEDGE(S)
HEDRICK
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HENDERSON
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HOLLIN(G)SHEAD
HOLLINGSWORTH
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HUNTINGTON
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HUTCHE(R)SON
HUTCHIN(G)S
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IDE
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INGERSOLL
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INGRA(HA)M
INNES
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IRBY
IRELAND
IRISH
IRVIN(E)
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IRWIN
ISAAC(S)
ISBELL
ISHAM
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IV(E)Y
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JACKMAN
JACK(S)
JACKSON
JACOB(S)
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JAE(G)ER
JAMES
JAM(I)E)SON
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JANS(S)EN
JAQUES
JARMAN
JARRETT
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JAY(E)
JEFF(E)RIES
JEFFERSON
JEFFERY(S)
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JEN(K)I(E)S
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JUDSON
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JULIAN
JULIEN
JUSTICE
KA(I)N(E)
KAISER
KARL
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KAVANA(U)GH
KAY(E)
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KEY(E)
KEY(E)S
KEYSER
KIDD
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KILBO(U)RN(E)
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M(A)CARTHUR
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M(A)CCLINTOCK
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MANDEVILLE
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MATHE(W)SON
MAT(T)E)SON
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MAXEY
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MCADAM(S)
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MCALPIN(E)
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MENDENHALL
MER(C)ER
MEREDITH
MER(R)IAM
MERRICK
MERRILL
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MESSENGER
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METCALF(E)
MEYER(S)
MICHAEL
MICKLE
MIDDLETON
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MOLYNE(AU)X
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MONROE
MONSON
MONTAGUE
MONTEITH
MONTGOMERY
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MO(O)R(E)HOUSE
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MOREY
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MORIARI(I)TY
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MYER(S)
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NAGEL
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NEAL(E)
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NETTLETON
NEUMAN
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NEWBERRY
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NICKERSON
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NORWOOD
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NOTTINGHAM
NOWELL
NOYES
NUGENT
NUN(N)
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POOR(E)
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PORTER
POSEY
POST
POTTER
POTT(S)
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POWER(S)
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PRENDERGAST
PRENTICE
PRENTIS(S)
PRESCOTT
PRESTON
PRETTYMAN
PREWITT
PRICE
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PRIME
PRIM(M)
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PRIT(C)HARD
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PROCTOR
PROSSER
PROUT(Y)
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QUACKENBUSH
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QUICK
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QUIN(N)
QUISENBERRY
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RADCLIFF(E)
RADFORD
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RAYMOND
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REICHENBACH
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REILLY
REINHAR(DX)T
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REMICK
REMINGTON
RENARD
RENAUD
RENFRO
REN(N)ICK
REVEL(L)
REYNOLDS
RHEA
RHO(A)DE)S
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RICKARD(S)
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RIDG(E)WAY
RIEDER
RIEHM
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RIGHTER
RILEY
RINEHART
RING
RIORDAN
RIPLEY
RIT(C)HEY
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RITTENHOUSE
RITTER
RIVERS
RIX
ROACH
ROAN(E)
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ROB(B)IN(S)
ROBE(R)SON
ROBERTS
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ROCHESTER
ROCHFORD
ROCK(E)
ROCKEFELLER
ROCKWELL
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RODDY
RODGERS
RODMAN
ROE
ROEBUCK
ROGERS
ROH(E)R)
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SABIN
SACKETT
SADLER
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SALE(S)
SALISBURY
SALTER
SAM(P)SON
SAMUEL(S)
SANBORN
SANDERSON
SANDS
SANFORD
SANGER
SARGENT
SATTERLEE
SAUER
SAU(N)DERS
SAVAGE
SAVIER
SAWYER
SAXON
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SAYER(S)
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SAYRE
SCALES
SCARBOROUGH
SCARLETT
SCHA(E)F(F)ER
SC(H)ELL
SCHEN(C)K
SC(H)ERER
SCHMID(T)
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SCHNEIDER
SC(H)OFIELD
SCHOOLEY
SCHOTT
SCHRADER
SCHRECK
SCHRO(E)DER
SCHROETER
SCHUBERT
SC(H)ULER
SC(H)ULTZ
SCHUMACHER
SCHUMAN(N)
SCHURMAN
SCHUSTER
SCHUTT(E)
SCHUYLER
SCHWAB
SCHWAR(T)Z
SCOTT
SCOVIL(L)(E)
SCRIBNER
SCRUGGS
SCUDDER
SCULL
SEAGER
SEAL(S)
SEAMAN
SEARCY
SEARL(E)S)
SEARS
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SEBASTIAN
SEDGWICK
SEEBER
SE(E)GER
SEEL(E)Y
SE(E)VER
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SEIDEL
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SEYMOUR
SHACKELFORD
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SHANAHAN
SHANK(S)
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INTELLIGENT INTELLIGENCE

STILL THEY COME, rolling off the presses or, these days, off the high-speed laser printers: books, books, books on intelligence. By which I mean secret intelligence, or the processing, analysis, and interpretation of information, and not that mysterious faculty which the misguided believe can be measured by IQ tests (although the one without the other isn't going to be much good to anyone).

And Prime Minister Thatcher still persists in her titanic losing battle to prevent the citizens of the United Kingdom from reading one such book, one that many of them have already read. This battle has involved major court hearings in Australia, Hong Kong, Britain, and elsewhere, and the main outcome of it is that Peter Wright, the formerly destitute septuagenarian ex-Security Service officer who is the author of *Spycatcher*—the object of all this official attention—has become a millionaire.

And yet, the Iron Lady does have a point. Those who enroll in a secret intelligence service and voluntarily sign an oath of perpetual secrecy should indeed be brought to book if—whatever the reason or the temptation—they violate that oath.

Books on intelligence seem to me to fall into several distinct categories: *a*) memoirs by ex-intelligence officers, *b*) explanatory books by ex-intelligence officers, *c*) memoirs by KGB and other enemy defectors, *d*) memoirs by Western renegades or traitors, *e*) histories of intelligence, *f*) journalists' exposés.

In principle, Category A books should be the most illuminating, yet they rarely are. If the ex-officer concerned is loyal to oath and to country, he will leave out the juicy bits (or have them excised for him by voluntary submission to his old firm's censorship). Frankly, Peter Wright's book is dull, even to somebody as interested in the subject as I am. It would have sold very modestly without its enormous dose of free publicity.

Some Category B books are very useful in that they may provide an insight not available to non-professionals. Ray Cline (formerly of CIA) and the late Allen Dulles wrote books of lasting interest. A recent example is Herbert E. Meyer's short work, *Real-World Intelligence*, which might be described as a primer for businessmen demonstrating the need for intelligence in the formulation of a company's policies.

Category C provides the real raw meat of intelligence, taking the reader into the horrific world of those two instruments of totalist power, the KGB and the GRU (Soviet military intelligence). Prime recent examples include the revelations of Ilya Dzhirkvelov (*Secret Servant: My Life with the KGB and the Soviet Elite*) and Stanislav Levchenko's *On the Wrong Side: My Life in the KGB*.

The nastiest category, if you believe in Western values and in defending them, is D. The late "Kim" Philby and the live Philip Agee made their distasteful contributions there.

As for Category E, serious students should not neglect John J. Dziak's recent *Chekisty*, an excellent history of the KGB from its Leninist beginnings.

Category F tends to induce schizophrenia. Should a journalist tell all, or even seek to tell all, where national security is concerned? Sadly, I am sure the answer is no, and Bob Woodward's best-selling *Veil* seems to me a perfect illustration of the reasons why. Leaving aside his brazenly misleading sourcing (including that non-conversation with the dying Bill Casey), the shocking aspect of the book is the *accuracy* of his accounts of CIA "covert" operations. Secrets just aren't secret any more, at least in the District of Columbia.

Herbert Meyer, in the short book mentioned earlier, seems to think this situation is inevitable, given the number of people who now, as of right, are privy to "secret" intelligence. Actually it only became inevitable when legislators passed those damaging Acts on Privacy and Freedom of Information. If you want to keep secrets secret, it is simple to do: just repeal the two Acts and abolish congressional oversight.

FINALLY, what does "intelligent intelligence" mean? Primarily, it means finding out about the enemy's intentions (which humans can do and the "spy in the sky" can't). It also means backing not necessarily those who look like winning in "regional conflicts," but those who could be turned into winners by the right kind of assistance, and whose victory would benefit the West.

To try to make secret deals with the Ayatollah was dumb intelligence. Or, to take a current example, why channel a disproportionate share of arms and equipment to the Islamic fundamentalist Gulbuddin Hekmatyar and his Hezb-i-Islami fighters in Afghanistan? Why not, instead, help Gailani's pro-Western *mujahed* group? If the answer is merely that the former is stridently anti-Soviet, then I have to say that this is a case of unintelligent intelligence.

There is no future in the proposition that fanatics can be turned into reasonable and pro-Western people; nor in the notion that bribery or other inducements can bring anything more than transient benefits. If you can't defeat the fanatics, you will have to live with them. But appeasement does not pay now, any more than it did in Hitler's day. In any case, heads of state or government, properly briefed, should make their own decisions on such matters. They don't need the advice and consent of leaking senators and representatives. □

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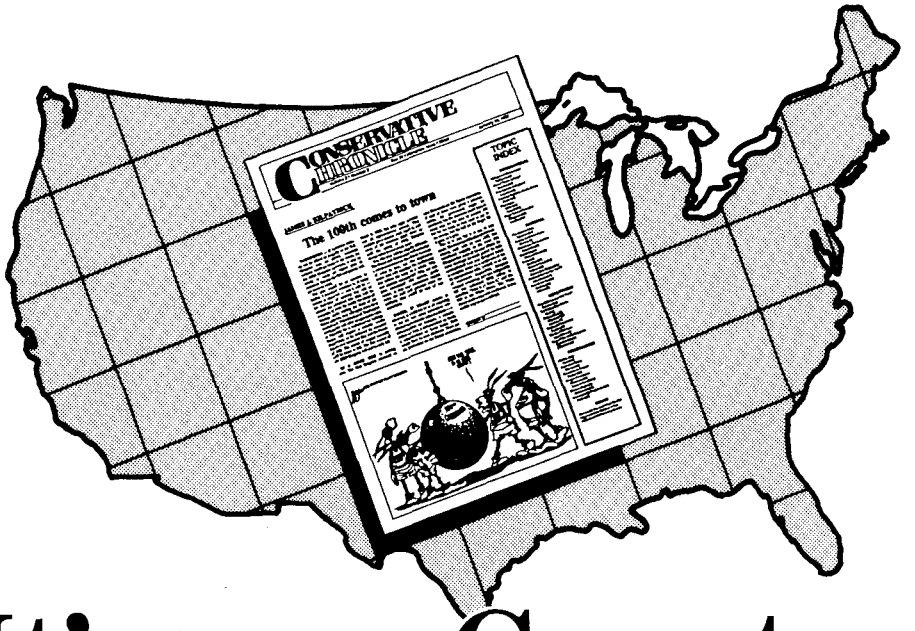

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WHAT MUST BE DONE

THERE IS LITTLE doubt in my mind about what should become a major agenda for conservatives for the rest of the century, and probably beyond: it is to recover our universities from the intellectual and moral rot that now pervades them. This agenda has little to do with federal legislation or the federal bureaucracy. We are just going to have to accomplish it ourselves, individually, department by department, course by course.

It is not easy for people outside of the university culture to be convinced that things are as bad as they are. And so I beg leave to quote at some length from an article in a recent *Encounter* magazine by Joseph Epstein, professor of English at Northwestern University and editor of *The American Scholar*. The city of Chicago can boast two major academic assets in Epstein and Allan Bloom. But—to Epstein:

"It was Edward Shils who once described the Sixties to me in the metaphor of an enormous wave that rolled over the country, then slowly rolled back, but not without leaving a vast amount of debris on the beach. The university, I now at first hand came to see, was the beach. Debris was everywhere. It was found in university teachers (obviously not all of them) casually sleeping with their students; it was in a curriculum that was increasingly organized less to educate students than to please them; it was there in the new teacher-evaluations that students were encouraged to make; it was there, perhaps above all, in the newly organized consciousness-raising academic units known as Afro-American Studies and Women's Studies.

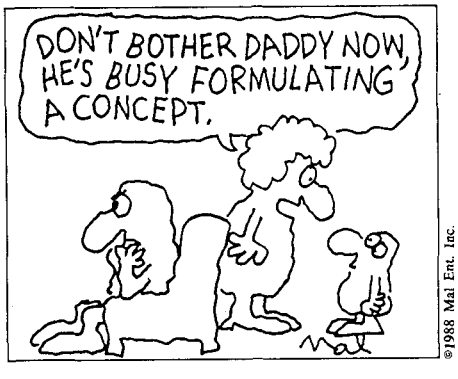
"And as the years went by, it would not get better. It would get worse, as the young graduate students and instructors of the 1960s grew into the associate and full professors of the Eighties. Marxism became a hot item, and scarcely any academic department in the humanities and social sciences (with the exception, interestingly, of economics) felt it could carry on without one or two Marxists. . . .

"[There are] a modest number of hard-core characters who actively proselytize students and teach a fairly straightforward Marxist menu: featuring distaste for America, in peace and war; unstinting admiration for the struggles of the people of the Third World; hatred of capitalism; and that old favorite, the class struggle, served with a generous side-order of alienation."

(I would add a footnote here. The reason the Third World is so important to this political culture is that Marxism, with its Manichean dichotomies, is irrelevant to a modernizing and role-differentiating West where an individual has multiple "interests." It can, however, make a show of plausibility in a vast imperialist-liberationist struggle.)

But back to Professor Epstein. "What is new is the general tolerance of this dreary fare. The tolerance is so great because the general spirit prevailing in the preponderance of contemporary universities is that of liberalism. But it is liberalism that has lost its moorings, and which stands chiefly for tolerance for activities well to its own left and is finally convinced only of its own virtue."

In the universities today, Professor Epstein continues, "if an election were held . . . between Ronald Reagan and Louis Farrakhan the outcome would not be all that easy to predict. (The largest number of votes, my guess is, would be abstentions.) . . .



"As a rather chaotic teacher at my own university once put it at the close of a memorandum proposing an honors seminar in 'gender and literature,' our school, and in particular our department, had shown itself woefully behind the times in not having more such courses. When I suggested that being behind the times in this regard might not be such a bad thing, I received looks that could only be described as strange . . .

"Thus, the faculty at Stanford University makes plain that it is not eager to have the Reagan Library." (And, of course, in response to "minority"—that is, mostly black—demands, revises its course in great books.) "Thus, when Harvard is beset by left-wing demonstrations against speakers, it boldly steps in and cancels the speeches."

The Long Journey Back

THIS SAD TALE goes on. At the University of Vermont, after occupation of the administration building by blacks, the president agreed to a schedule for the hiring of new black professors in all departments over the next several years. This constitutes an amazing violation of departmental professional autonomy perpetrated on racial grounds. Similar cave-ins have occurred at Williams College, the University of Massachusetts, and elsewhere. It is an astounding academic landscape: "debris" from the 1960s, as Professor Epstein says.

The first step in recovering the universities, those valuable "intermediate" institutions established to be the repositories and transmitters of serious culture, is an open-eyed recognition of how bad things have become. Professor Epstein knows. And now we face the long journey back. □

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GET WITH THE PROGRAM

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Did you miss me? Well, I guess that's a silly question. The circumstantial evidence is certainly suggestive. Let's face it, you've made something of a botch of the political economy these past few years. So let's get with the program, you post-Reagan revolutionaries . . .

Step 1—Leave that poor Mr. Icahn alone. Yes, *that* Mr. Icahn and *that* Mr. Pickens and *those* guys at Drexel Burnham, the folks who generate clouds of squid-like bad ink whenever they launch "hostile" takeovers against the corporate gentry. (Kindly note that the question before us is: What is best for the economy? not: Would you want your sister to marry one?) Take a look at the numbers. Of every one hundred business combinations in this country, perhaps two could fairly be called hostile. And of that 2 per cent, in almost every case the raider succeeds only because management has been blatantly and persistently inept. In other words, the raider is doing precisely what the putative owners of the enterprise, the shareholders, should be doing were they not ill-equipped to do so. He is upgrading management and reallocating resources to more productive use. From a macroeconomic perspective—and this is the critical point—the raiders are giving us a second chance in the global economy by forcing the pace of restructuring faster than Gorbachev and Deng can impose it and faster even than the Japanese and Germans can inspire it. (We blew our first chance at economic leadership by borrowing to finance consumption for a generation.)

The raiders are agents of necessary, absolutely necessary, change, and the establishment seems bent on seeing that their good deeds do not go unpunished. Consider the alternative. Would you rather have the Feds manage the restructuring? Would they do it more quickly? At lower cost? With a better feel for market trends?

The more legitimate object of inquiry, in my view, is the other 98 per cent of the deals—the friendly mergers and acquisitions sealed by golden handshakes all around. Corporate chieftains assure their respective shareholders that everybody's best interests have been served. Oh really? Check that assertion against your own experience. How many times have your best interests been served by undesignated strangers representing you in secret negotiations?

And a corollary observation. The emerging data suggest clearly that most of the megamergers do not work as long-term business propositions, however sparkly the short-term payoffs. The restructuring deals that do seem to work are the leveraged buyouts and division spinoffs that place control in the hands of small-scale owner-operators. Which yields this unlikely protem insight from the Reagan era: Bigness per se may well be bad after all.

Step 2—Uncap the veto pen, Dutch. It has been one of the pleasant interludes of the postwar era, these Reagan years. The more noxious legislative schemes were stillborn; even some of the rhetorical excesses were muted. The Reagan mini-revolution struck much of the Left temporarily speechless—but only temporarily, of course. The Left is back now, battle-tested and wily, working with new idioms that slip by our nodding sentries. Under the cover of Reagan twilight, the Left has framed and advanced two legislative initiatives of special destructiveness. The President, having demonstrated his panache on the attack, should now strike a pose of ornery resolve. By vetoing these bills:

—The next trade bill, and the next one after that. If we could legislate thrift or productivity, we could solve our trade problems by Act of Congress. (The Just Say Yes school of politics.) But until the rest of the world agrees to define fair trade as that international system under which Americans consume and borrow more and work and save less, we are condemned to proceed in Smith Barney's old-fashioned way: we will have to learn to produce goods and services that the rest of the world opts to buy. Or we can continue along the path upon which we are now embarked, trading in our living standard each year for one that is 4 per cent lower. That's the choice.

—Child care. I suppose that a lawmaker can be forgiven for running afoul of the law of unintended consequences. But here is an initiative that, in the name of family values, would provide direct subsidy to the dissolution of the American family. Some years ago we in the United States socialized care of the elderly. Does Ronald Reagan want to be remembered as the President who socialized care of the young?

Step 3—Cut the capital-gains tax. On December 31, 1986, the top tax rate on capital gains was raised by 40 per cent. A year later, the top marginal rate was raised again, this time by almost 18 per cent. It is difficult to comprehend, even in retrospect, how this change—the daffiest idea in the modern history of tax policy—became law. But there it is, a powerful incentive for consumers, a disincentive for producers and investors, jerking the economy off course. The law must be changed, and it might just happen if proponents move smartly—before Michael Dukakis forgets the names of his high-tech backers and embraces Jacksonomics. A plank in the Democratic platform, even if it also called for the recapture of capital gains from estates, would do it. (Bush is already on record, though less than thunderously, in favor of a 15 per cent rate.)

More later. That should keep you busy for the fortnight. □

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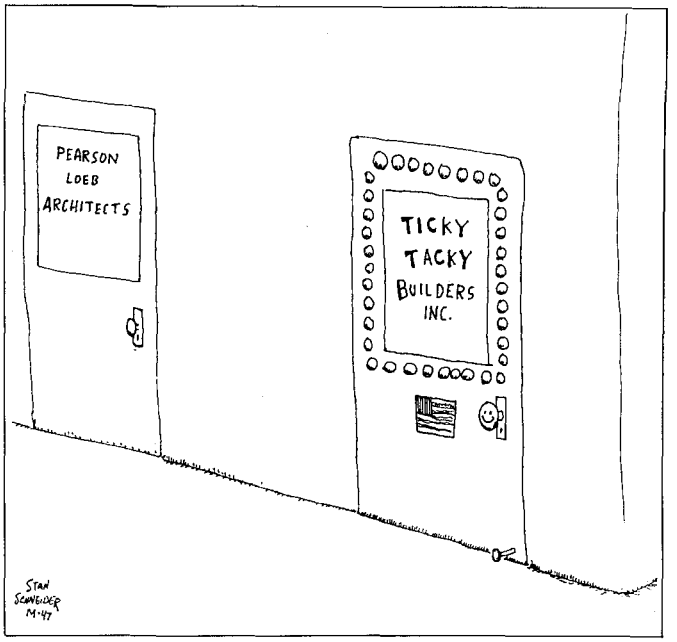
Renault, *Sacramento Bee* / Rothco

"I miss the evil empire."

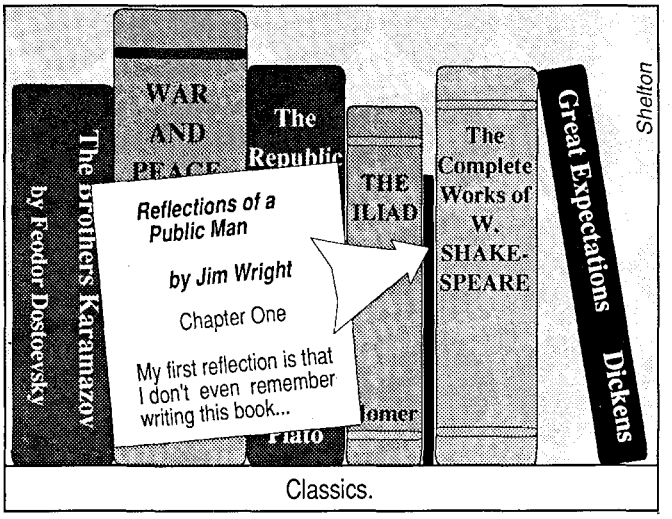


Weed Wail

"One is nearer God's heart in a garden / Than anywhere else on earth."—Old saying

Nearer God's *heart* in a garden?
Naturally. I agree. Save your speeches.
But in tattered old shirt
And torn jeans, it's His *dirt*
And His worms and His small crawly creatures
(Not to mention His aphids, beg pardon)
That I'm near, not His heart, in *my* garden!

MAUREEN CANNON



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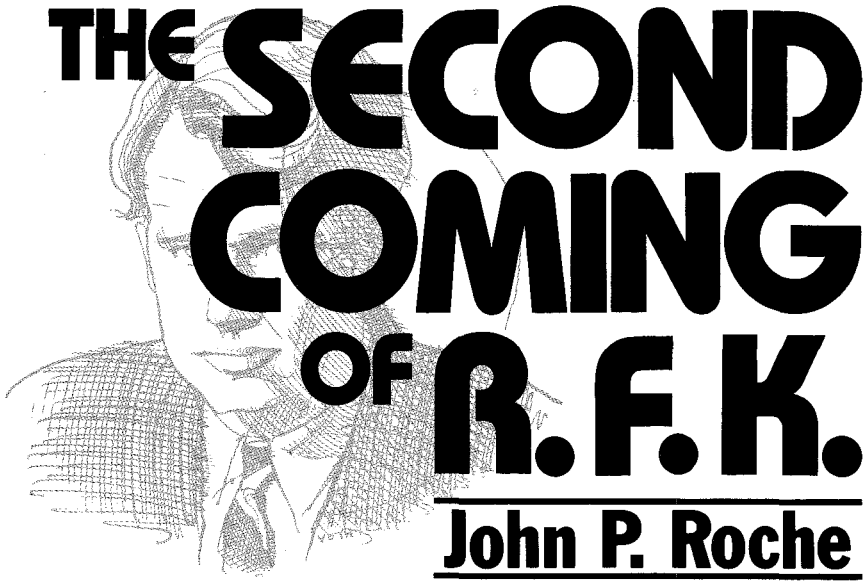
THE SECOND COMING OF R.F.K.



John P. Roche

"WHO WAS BOBBY?" One of my students, aged roughly 22, came up to me after class with this question and the May 9 issue of *Newsweek*, featuring a cover picture of Robert F. Kennedy with a look of eagles in his eyes. I was taken aback—until I realized that on June 6, 1968, when he was murdered by an Arab terrorist after winning the California Democratic presidential primary, she was two years old.

Newsweek's "Special Report" was as hyped-up a *shmear* as I have seen in some time: the authors were breathing so hard I needed oxygen to finish it. It was a lead-in to some excerpts from a new book, *Robert Kennedy in His Own Words* (Bantam Books), which consists of interviews given by Robert Kennedy to John Bartlow Martin, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., and Anthony Lewis in 1964-65, and to John Francis Stewart in 1967. I doubt if *Newsweek*'s panting eulogists actually read the interviews: they are in fact bedrock Bob Kennedy, a matter to which I shall return in some detail later.

It soon appeared that a concerted media operation was under way to highlight the "Second Coming of RFK": his picture turned up on *Life*, and a number of television "docudramas" flashed on the screen. The more I thought about it, the more convinced I became that the effort was to replicate Jackie Kennedy and Teddy White's spectacular disinformation caper, *Camelot*. In short, "Son of Camelot" was in the offing.

So—"Who was Bobby?" For starters I should put my credentials as an observer on the table. As a leading figure in the Philadelphia and Pennsylvania Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) chapters, I had been involved in the rise of the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania beginning in Philadelphia and ending with our gubernatorial success in 1954, an election in which my wife got 35,000 votes for a seat in the state assembly (including the pregnant women's vote) but fortunately lost. My knowledge of political hardball was fairly substantial. Then in 1956 I moved to Massachusetts.

Politically it was like being thrown into a snake-pit. In Pennsylvania there were—as in Zimbabwe—two political tribes: the Alleghenies led by Dave Lawrence, and the Philadelphias led by Joe Clark and Dick Dilworth. Massachusetts, in contrast, was like Afghanistan: there must have been a dozen major Democratic tribes that coalesced on an ad-hoc basis for any given election. And they all seemed to share the view that ADA was a public nuisance: in 1954, Senate Democratic candidate Representative Foster Furcolo, as the guest of honor at an ADA banquet, kindly suggested the organization vanish! I spent my first years just mapping the minefields, and in 1958 signed on with Jack Kennedy.

This caused a bit of a stir in ADA, which had a love affair with Adlai Stevenson, but Professors Samuel Beer of Harvard and James MacGregor Burns of Williams—among others—shared my view that not only was Stevenson an administrative incompetent (his 1956 campaign was a drunken square dance) but he was also the most conservative figure among the leading Democrats. We had to take some friendly fire from Arthur Schlesinger, Adlai's leading acolyte in our parish, but—for better or worse—I set out to help John Kennedy get to the White House. (Lest readers forget, ADA until about 1965 was the encadrement of "cold-war liberalism." There may be some egotism in my choice of 1965 as the end of the old order: that is when I was replaced as National Chairman, after an unprecedented three terms, by Representative Don Edwards of California, and the peaceniks came in the revolving door as the cold-warriors exited.)

WHAT WAS distinctive about the Kennedy Democratic Tribe was its patriarchal organization. While the Dever Tribe, the Tobin Tribe, the McCormack Tribe, et al. seemed to be all officers and no enlisted men, "the Old Man," Joseph P., ran a tight ship. His two key enforcers were his son Robert—who was a clone—and a tough, laconic black Irishman named Kenny O'Donnell: a crack, ruthless organizer. As RFK told Martin in the spring of 1964, "None of us were opposed [to Ted's running for the Massachusetts Senate seat in 1962]. The person who was primarily interested in having him run was my father . . . just as I wouldn't have been Attorney General if it hadn't been for him, I don't think my younger brother

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would have been senator nor my older brother President" (p. 328).

There you have it in a nutshell. The "Old Man" called the shots; from the moment he decided Jack should take on Henry Cabot Lodge for the Senate in 1952, the campaign was sandboxed in Hyannis. First, run a totally independent campaign: no "Stevenson and Kennedy" bumperstickers, no "Kennedy and Dever [for Governor]" billboards, no mention of the fact that there was a presidential contest under way. Second, persuade the right-wing Republicans to cold-cock Lodge, who had been Ike's convention floor manager in the bitterly contested 1952 nomination fight with Robert Taft. Here Joe's personal contacts were helpful, notably with Basil Brewer of the *New Bedford Standard-Times*, a militant Taftite, and with the publisher of the *Boston Post*, a wacko named John Fox, "a very difficult and unpleasant man . . . my father went down to see him, and I don't know whether he arranged for him to get a loan or got him a loan or what . . . but the *Boston Post* [then a top-circulation paper] supported John Kennedy" (p. 444).

When the votes were counted, it was a close-run thing: Ike won by roughly 210,000, Jack Kennedy by 71,000, and Paul Dever lost the statehouse to Herter by 14,000. This became a model for all later Kennedy elections in Massachusetts: play the Lone Ranger. To this day there is no Democratic organization in the Commonwealth, and I think it's fair to say that every attempt to institute one has been sabotaged by the "dynasty."

THIS WAS before my time, but in 1958 I got to know the principals, and, oddly enough, got along well with O'Donnell, who generally consigned "professors" to the lowest ring of the Inferno. (Perhaps he intuited what some have asserted, that I am a closet anti-intellectual?) O'Donnell thought it was useful to have the Irish dean of faculty of a Jewish-sponsored university, Brandeis, around for decorative purposes; I knew what he thought and refused to play except on my own terms; and he concluded, I guess, that I wanted more than the going rate for "intellectuals," so we remained friends and let it go at that.

John Kennedy I liked: he was extremely intelligent, had a delightful ironic wit, was a well-known lover of female frolics, and was in an eerie way one of the most remote men I have ever met. I have never confused politics with a love affair, so his aloofness didn't disturb me—I just found it clinically interesting. He could get furious and then suddenly come out of it with an ironic shot and change the subject. Also, unlike the demonic activists around him, he could be refreshingly lazy: I remember a session during the 1960 campaign when various advisors were trying to get him to come down hard for the Multilateral Nuclear Force while others (including me) were vigorously opposing it. After about twenty minutes of this he looked out at the sea and observed: "Right now the only thing that interests me is sailing—anyone for a multimanned crew?"

Bob Kennedy (I never heard him called "Bobby" until the middle Sixties—LBJ may have started the fashion) and I were simply on different wavelengths. He was born without ideological software, and what he had was provided by the "Old Man": as I said when he was alive and will repeat it now, Bobby Kennedy couldn't distinguish a principle from a fireplug. What emerges time and again from the interviews under discussion is his total acceptance of Lenin's definition of politics: "*Kto kogo?*"—Who gets whom?

Listen, for example, to the explanation he gave John Bartlow Martin of the number he as Attorney General did on the steelmasters when they decided to raise prices: "I had the grand jury. We looked over all of them as individuals. We were going to go for broke: their expense accounts and where they'd been and what they were doing. I picked up all their records and I told the FBI to interview them all—march into their offices the next day. We weren't going to go slowly. I said to have them done all over the country. All of them were hit with meetings the next morning by [FBI] agents. . . . All of them were subpoenaed for their company records. I agree it was a tough way to operate. But under the circumstances we couldn't afford to lose" (pp. 333-334).

This striking display of authoritarianism led Martin to observe: "It's kind of an awesome power"; Kennedy agreed, noting that "it can be abused and misused." Martin hastily remarked that he was not "suggesting this was an abuse," a comment that echoed his reaction to Kennedy's discourse on wiretapping, in which the latter really went on a verbal rampage:

> KENNEDY: Discussion or talk about wiretapping, of course, sends some people through the roof. I have much more authority and power at the present time [than under proposed legislation]. I mean I can decide whose phone is going to be tapped.
>
> MARTIN: But you can't use anything in evidence?
>
> KENNEDY: No. I don't think that's the important thing, though.
>
> MARTIN: You don't?
>
> KENNEDY: It's not the fact it's going to be used in evidence, but just the fact that I can tap somebody's telephone and listen in. It could be used for blackmail purposes. I could stick a tap on your telephone [pp. 293-294].

It's a shame Victor Navasky didn't get this one for his book *Kennedy Justice*.

By this time some readers of this journal may be wishing they could write in Robert Kennedy's name on the ballot this fall. His observations about liberals would hardly discourage this. In a lengthy interview with Anthony Lewis—who like Martin and Schlesinger demonstrated

Greg Voth

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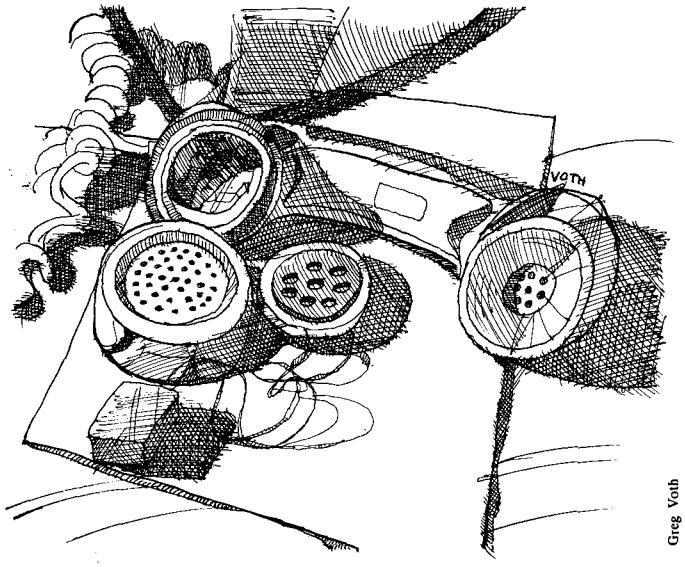

Greg Voth

mastery as a softball pitcher—he discusses the Kennedy Administration's behavior in 1961-63. It is clear that he looked on the civil-rights movement as an obstruction to a nice, tidy deal with Southern politicians. In fact the President called me in my capacity as ADA chairman in 1963 to bitch about how a bunch of "crusaders" who were organizing the August march (us among them) were going to bring about a bloodbath. As Bob put it tersely to Lewis (p. 204): "What my father said about businessmen applies to liberals. . . . They're sons of bitches." He continued: "[The liberals] were in love with death . . . It's why they like Adlai Stevenson. For an awful lot of them in this kind of group, in my judgment, action or success makes them suspicious . . . they like it much better to have a cause than to have a course of action that's been successful" (pp. 204-205).

My views on the liberal kamikaze impulse are well-known —I once observed after some particularly idiotic internecine brawl that the difference between liberals and cannibals was that cannibals ate only their enemies—but the notion that the implementation of the rights of black Americans in the South could be *managed* the way Joseph P. handled a Hollywood takeover was simply preposterous. The whole series of interviews with Lewis is suffused with utilitarianism; indeed, one gets the impression that the Attorney General felt that liberal moralists were a greater barrier to fixing the ticket than Southern racists—by comparison with Martin Luther King, Senator James Eastland comes out as a public hero.

So far we have been dealing with Bob Kennedy's role in broad-brush terms and in admittedly adversarial fashion, but he had a talent that was both admirable and slightly frightening: he was an energumen, one of those rare people who seem to invent 28-hour days and 9-day weeks and work every minute of them. While not as intelligent as his brother, and limited by Joseph P.'s software, he had a singular ability to spot able people and give them responsibility. The Kennedy Justice Department was populated by an extraordinary group of men: Burke Marshall and John Doar, to mention those at the top of my list. One of the reasons for the launching of "Son of Camelot" is surely the fact that onetime Kennedy staffers are now top figures in virtually every branch of the media.

More interesting to me is the fact that these men, who must have known that they were brighter than Bob, were dedicated to him. (As I remarked in these pages, June 10, I once told President Johnson that his most serious error in Vietnam was not accepting Bob Kennedy's offer to replace Max Taylor as ambassador to Saigon in 1964: RFK and his myrmidons would have gone through that military/civilian shambles the way they went through Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters.) In short, although we cordially disliked each other, I fully recognized that, for some men and women I respect, he had a sort of hypnotic appeal.

My problem with Bob, I think, arose from his addiction to macho masculinity, rather than from intellectual reservations. To me, character is fate, and from the time I was a kid I despised the tough guys, the jocks who would tell you how grand it was to throw an illegal block on a pass receiver and break his ribs. My addiction was soccer—like basketball, a serious game with some but not much body contact and a hell of a lot of skill.

During the War I met a number of big sexual "swordsmen" who kept boasting about their conquests. Robert Kennedy, I am convinced, was like me a "Jansenist" puritan, an Irish Catholic tradition he absorbed from his mother. I thus always brushed off the tom-tom rumors of his involvement with various women: Ethel was his love, and if he occasionally was spotted with some dubious female, I figured he was cleaning up Jack's act. But in every other way he was the incarnation of the macho type: I recall vividly when in 1962 I was arguing against our bizarre involvement in Laos on the ground that, while the domino theory had some validity, there was no standing domino in Laos; RFK and Arthur Schlesinger braced me, and the former inquired, impolitely, whether I had any testicles. I said that whether I had any or not was irrelevant to the fact that Laos had no ports, a reality that led JFK to move the war to Vietnam.

•

LET US TURN to the question of Robert Kennedy's role in the JFK Administration. Their father, I learned from the late, underrated Speaker of the House John McCormack (who got along quite well with "Joe" until the late Fifties), told Jack: "When you get to the White House there are two jobs you must lock up: Attorney General and director of the Internal Revenue Service." From the interviews in this volume it is clear that Robert Kennedy became the key figure in choosing top officials and, of course, himself became Attorney General.

However, Bob was a part-time AG: he moonlighted as his brother's chief of staff. One of the intriguing aspects of these interviews is that Robert Kennedy obviously never got the time to edit them, and his pungent observations about many top officials are there with all the thorns on. Lyndon Johnson, whom he claims Jack tried to dump in 1960 *after* offering him the vice-presidential nomination (I've heard the other story—Phil Graham's version—and think it makes more sense, but since all the principals are dead, you might as well flip a coin), is simply excommunicated from the human race. He quotes President Kennedy on LBJ's ability: "Can you think of anything more deplorable than him trying to run the United States?" (p. 153) and constantly emphasizes what a liar Johnson was.

Having heard Johnson on the subject of "Bobby," I think it's pointless to explore the merits: they were antip-

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odal human beings, and if there had been no Vietnam War, something else would have occurred to trigger the 1968 confrontation. RFK keeps muttering about the way Johnson treated Jackie in Dallas, as if the new President, possibly in the middle of a major threat against the United States, should have spent his time sitting *shiva* with JFK's widow. In retrospect we can laugh off the crisis, but, although I was born without an apocalyptic chromosome, I left a meeting in Chicago to be home with my wife and daughter in the event the balloon went up.

The other big-time black hat in Kennedy's Manichean drama is Dean Rusk. Rusk was utterly worthless, incapable of running State (a new charge that! I think Hamilton said the same of Jefferson), and generally a fence-sitter. Here I differ. Jack and Bob Kennedy picked Rusk precisely because they did not want a John Foster Dulles—an activist Secretary—and Rusk accepted the condition: he would be the President's chief of staff, so to speak, on foreign policy—give him private advice, but not fight for State's autonomy. LBJ told me, for example, that Rusk privately opposed the Bay of Pigs (and George Ball has said as much), but he wasn't going to rush out in the disastrous aftermath and proclaim his virginity.

WITHOUT going into further detail, it is clear that RFK was the President's alter ego; if there was a crisis, domestic or foreign, in which he was not involved (with the alleged exception of the murder of South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem, of which more later), I don't recall it. His relationship with his brother was symbiotic: he frequently, when asked if he had discussed this or that issue with JFK, remarks casually that there was no need to, they thought alike.

The case of Diem is to me quite perplexing; indeed, I'm afraid that Bobby Kennedy may have indulged a habit (perhaps learned form LBJ?) of lying. Throughout 1961-63 Bob was known at State as the "Indochinese Desk Officer," constantly snooping and cutting bureaucratic corners to get decisive action against the Communists. When he visited Saigon in February 1962, he proclaimed eternal loyalty to the South Vietnamese cause: "We [Americans] will remain here until we do win." However, in the oral history his mind goes blank on the whole countdown on Diem so ably chronicled by Ellen Hammer in *A Death in November*.

Significantly, the only time in these interviews that he takes cover is on Diem. In effect, he states, I can't lie: it was the covert work of those incompetents, Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs Averell Harriman, White House aide Mike Forrestal, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, and "what's his name from the Far East desk who was fired? [Roger Hilsman]" (pp. 396-398). Then he floats the wildest story yet to come to light: that "Diem planned a coup himself, a fake coup" (p. 400).

He bitterly attributes to Lyndon Johnson the statement that JFK's assassination was divine retribution for taking out Diem and Trujillo. Johnson may have said this, but it sounds to me more like the conscience qualms of a superstitious Irish peasant (a matter on which I speak from personal experience: I have wished someone would drop dead and suddenly been hit by guilt and the hope that Nobody was listening).

Similarly RFK rows with muffled oars through "Operation Mongoose," the "get Castro" operation LBJ later called "Murder Inc. in the Caribbean," which Bob ran out of the old EOB with Harriman, Ed Lansdale, Jack Crimmins, and a collection of wonky spooks as co-conspirators. Whenever there was action, he could be found at point, and the point of "Mongoose" was old-fashioned revenge on Castro for making the President look like an idiot.

The final item for consideration in the light of these new interviews is the famous U-turn on the war in Vietnam, which has been built around the legend that before he died John Kennedy was planning to abandon the battle. As various Jacobites have reprogrammed their memories, all kinds of interesting stories have surfaced: Kenny O'Donnell, for example, said Jack had whispered to him in the bathroom that once the election of 1964 was over, he would close down the war. A dozen similar tales, equally unverifiable, have made the rounds, peaking when Bob Kennedy suddenly jumped into the Democratic race in 1968 as a "peace candidate."

Space prohibits any discussion of the provenance of the McCarthy and Kennedy candidacies, but I am prepared to argue at length that neither Gene nor Bob got in for ideological reasons: it was a straight, old-fashioned grudge fight. In fact, *Newsweek* quotes Pierre Salinger recalling that as Bob lay dying on June 6, 1968, Gene McCarthy came to the hospital to propose creating "a coalition and go back to Lyndon Johnson, tell him to run—and we'll all support him." Having heard this McCarthy proposal independently at the time, I believe it, but let's move to the central point about RFK and the war as revealed in his interview with Martin in 1964. Note that this was before the great reprogramming that in 1968 turned RFK into a quasi-pacifist.

Kennedy is so tough on Vietnam that the editors felt compelled to insert a special comment that begins, "Readers may have considerable difficulty equating Robert Kennedy's passionate opposition to the war in Vietnam . . . with the hard-line views on American involvement that he expresses here," and after a page of piety concludes, "To put the following conversations in context, suffice it to say that the Robert Kennedy who responded to John Bartlow Martin's questions in 1964 was not the same Robert Kennedy who ran for the Presidency in 1968" (pp. 393-394). Hmmm. He looked the same to me, and he acted the same—except that in 1968 he was out to "Rambo" LBJ and his surrogate Hubert Humphrey, not the Teamsters or the steelmasters. (He had the same contempt for Gene McCarthy that he had earlier expressed for Adlai Stevenson: no killer instinct.) In short, RFK's own words utterly demolish the idea that Vietnam was "Johnson's war." It became LBJ's but the brothers Kennedy were totally committed to winning; losing was inconceivable pansy stuff.

To return to the question that launched this safari—"Who was Bobby?"—the answer is that he was an extremely talented administrator with incredible energy, who was dependent upon his father and his brother for his intellectual software. Aside from his enviable capacity for friendship—which led to the beatification rites—he will go down as a minor figure in American politics. He believed LBJ was a crude bastard, and Johnson thought he was a demonic conspirator. To some extent they were both right, but if one assesses the legacies left by the two men, Kennedy's is mythic, not substantive. May he rest in peace. □

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NEXT STOP—KABUL

On May 15, the day the Soviets began troop withdrawals from Afghanistan, there were over 125 journalists checked into the three biggest hotels in Peshawar, Pakistan. Peshawar's resident foreign press looked askance at their visitors from civilization, and cringed during press conferences when they heard questions directed to big-shot resistance leaders like, "Are you guys Moslems, or what?"

Afghan journalism used to be very straightforward. Reporters would come out of Afghanistan to file their I-traveled-with-the-*mujahedin* stories mixing roughly equal parts of "my feet hurt" and "noble tribesmen armed only with primitive weapons fight against overwhelming odds in defense of God and country." Well, Afghan journalism isn't so easy now. Don't get me wrong—all that stuff is still true. But you don't get paid to write it any more.

The war in Afghanistan has changed a lot since my first trip five years ago. For example, Vietnam jungle leaf has become the fabric of choice for vests; the *mujahedin* will be ready for anything if they suddenly find themselves in the Mekong Delta. On the surface, the war effort is going well. Since the Geneva accords went into effect, the Kabul army has begun a helter-skelter retreat, abandoning so many garrisons and outposts it is hard to keep track of them. One of the first to go was the garrison at Chamkani, which had been under siege by the *mujahedin* since the war began. When I visited the area in 1983, the situation was a standoff—the government looked good as long as the sun was up, but by night *mujahed* artillery fire lit the sky. That stalemate had been going on for eight years when, on May 7, the Najibullah regime decided discretion was the better part of valor.

The same story has been repeated all over the country, particularly in border areas near Pakistan: Soviet troops withdraw, and right on their heels the Afghan army retreats, frequently leaving behind huge quantities of ordnance for the *mujahedin*. The inventory at Jaji, evacuated on May 16, included two tanks, eight armored personnel carriers, 17 artillery pieces, twenty trucks, and tons of ammunition. The Afghan army faces an epidemic of desertion, which has led Najibullah to try to buy loyalty with rank: 41 army officers were promoted to the rank of general in April, in an army of perhaps thirty thousand men.

During the pullback (I do not think it can yet be termed a pullout) the Soviets are conceding marginal garrisons and consolidating their forces where they might possibly make a difference. (When some refugees tried, early on, to return to the abandoned areas, they encountered the Soviet position on repatriation of refugees—wall-to-wall land mines.)

By conceding the outlying areas to the resistance, the Soviets are only bringing their tactics in line with reality—Communist forces have never commanded the countryside, and maintaining these outposts had become very costly. At the same time, by withdrawing to the larger military bases and cities, the Communist forces may be attempting to draw the resistance into abandoning the hit-and-run guerrilla tactics that have served them so well.

In Peshawar, the word is that the government of Pakistan is pressuring rebel forces to capture a major city, possibly Jahalabad. The *mujahedin* reject this strategy. "Civilians would be damaged if the *mujahedin* openly attacked cities," pointed out Ishaque Niazmand, a spokesman for Younis Khalis's Hezb-i-Islami. Other Afghans have pointed out the danger of defeat—if the resistance went after a major target prematurely and failed, it would boost the faltering morale of the Najibullah regime.

There is one exception: Abdul Haq, the *mujahed* commander of Kabul province, is already planning an assault on Kabul. His *mujahedin* have plastered the city with thousands of posters instructing the citizenry on how to prepare for the "final triumph":

> The struggle of Afghan *mujahedin* and the heroic people of Afghanistan is approaching the final phase of victory. The Russian invaders have been crushed and defeated by the zealous Islamic faith of the Afghan *mujahedin*. They are withdrawing from Afghanistan in shame. . . .
>
> For the final triumph, only one more step remains—the destruction of the puppet regime in Kabul. The *mujahedin* expect you to complete our independence and to help us reach the final goal.

The poster is intended to bring about desertions and to recruit agents from within the regime. Despite these dramatic words, however, at least in his early moves on Kabul, Abdul Haq expects to continue using clandestine guerrilla tactics, in part so as not to endanger the Kabul civilians.

There are several reasons for Pakistan's gung-ho enthusiasm for a quick kill. First, there is the heat coming from Moscow. On June 13, a joint communiqué issued by Mikhail Gorbachev and Najibullah (who had stopped off in Moscow on his way home to Afghanistan from Cuba) warned that if Pakistan continued to allow military aid to reach the resistance, it would be "necessary to take the most resolute retaliatory steps . . ."; hours later, three Pakistanis were killed as Afghan and Pakistani troops exchanged rocket and artillery fire near the strategic border city of

Mr. Bork writes frequently about foreign affairs. His most recent trip to Afghanistan was paid for in part by grants from the National Journalism Center, the National Forum Foundation, and Mrs. Helen Marie Taylor.

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Chaman. Although KGB-sponsored terrorism in Pakistan has declined substantially since Geneva, President Zia ul-Haq predicts that it will soon resume, putting further pressure on Pakistan to cut off aid to the *mujahedin*.

Geneva may turn out to be very helpful to the Soviets. The early pullouts have only been from areas where the government had never successfully established control. But they create the impression that it is only a matter of time before the entire country will be given to the *mujahedin*. Unfortunately, it may not be quite so easy.

Most of the world is willing to look at the situation as one that has been resolved through diplomacy, and which will play itself out in a few months. This attitude, which may reduce Western aid to the resistance, has already made it possible for Najibullah to come to New York and beg for money at the UN. He also found time to go on TV and tell the American people how much he loved them. Asked by CNN whether he blamed America for his government's difficulties, all Najibullah would say was, "America is a great, civilized country."

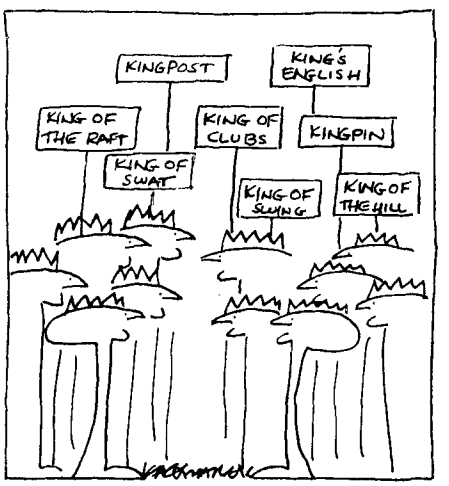
Pakistan's domestic situation is also a factor in its hasty approach toward the Afghan *mujahedin*. President Zia is the Platonic model of the right-wing military dictator all good conservatives are alleged to love. If you don't care about democracy in Third World countries, but want to score against the Soviets in a major way, Zia is your kind of guy. I always stand up for America when I talk to left-wing intellectual types. So it was that I once found myself in a dirty tea house in a run-down section of Rawalpindi explaining to a man I could barely see through a cloud of flies that, although he had been whipped and imprisoned for three years for distributing pamphlets, America was trying to push Pakistan closer to democracy.

Democracy—that is, a government that reflects the popular will—would be hard to define in Pakistan. On the one hand, some Pakistanis, like one young man who ran a combination souvenir and candy store, will tell you that Zia's "martial law is the best form of government." At the other extreme are people like the pair of Islamabad carpet dealers who told me, "The U.S. has no business messing around in other people's countries, and Pakistan is not a free country." The political philosopher they really admired was the Ayatollah Khomeini.

Concerning the *jihad* at hand, most Pakistanis would like to see the war in Afghanistan end on any terms that would cause the Afghan refugees to go away. Rumors of a split between Zia and Prime Minister Mohammed Khan Junejo on the subject of the *mujahedin* for a long time were officially denied on a regular basis. Junejo was seen as being less concerned about the effect the Geneva accords would have on the *mujahedin*. Zia was holding out for a deal that would effectively end Najibullah's rule. His scenario for the repatriation of Afghans is as follows: "When the Russian troops withdraw, there will be a fight for power and I hope the *mujahedin* will win, and, therefore, Mr. Najibullah will have to go. And if that takes place, all the refugees will go back."

Meanwhile Junejo was meeting with opposition leaders and developing independent ties to Washington. Major disagreements between the president and the prime minister emerged on a number of issues. These were resolved on May 29, when Zia sacked Junejo and dissolved the National Assembly. The prime minister had returned just two hours earlier from a four-nation tour. He was not amused. Zia, on the other hand, was smiling when reporters arrived at his house. He jovially told the newsmen, "You'll never guess what I'm about to tell you."

The President's move was actually constitutional, for what that's worth. And, as usual, he promised elections within ninety days. (When he first seized power in 1977, he promised elections within ninety days. When these elections were finally held, in February 1985, opposing political parties were not allowed to field candidates.) Benazir Bhutto, the daughter of the last prime minister Zia booted, back in 1977 (he had that one executed), and leader of the Pakistan People's Party, says this time her party will participate in elections. If the opposition shows up at the polls, Zia may find the next government more disagreeable than the last one. The Afghans definitely will.



To get a feel for the public attitude toward Afghanistan in Pakistan, here are some excerpts from a recently published editorial in *Dawn*, a popular daily newspaper, entitled "What Next in Afghanistan?"

> Since the warring groups are virtually acting as proxies for ouside powers [*a classic playing of the moral-equivalency card*], the conflict in Afghanistan speaks of continuing foreign intervention in that country. This could have far-reaching repercussions for Pakistan, especially on its relations with Moscow, which Islamabad is trying to place on a new footing [*in other words, the Kremlin might get mad*]. If the reconciliation efforts fail and the Najibullah government finds itself pushed to the wall, it is bound to turn to its Soviet patrons and seek their support [*or, alternatively, he might buy a one-way ticket to Moscow*]. . . . Common sense [*that again*] dictates that a military solution be shunned and a political approach adopted, which is the underlying spirit of the Geneva accords. . . . In the circumstances, a broad-based interim government formed on the basis of a national consensus offers the best hope for avoiding a prolonged civil war. . . . If such an arrangement is worked out, it would automatically resolve the most contentious issue in Afghanistan today, namely that of continuing arms supplies to the *mujahedin* and the Kabul regime, a phenomenon which is incompatible with the provision of non-interference and non-intervention in the Geneva accords. [*Actually, the accords do not prohibit Moscow's resupply of the Kabul regime—only the support of the* mujahedin *by Pakistan.*]

This view—that, in deference to the Geneva accords, aid to the *mujahedin* should be cut off—is widely held in Pakistan. A popularly elected government in Pakistan would almost certainly attempt to do so. And if it did, the *mujahedin* would have to take Kabul before they ran out of bullets. Or be forced to follow the dictates of "common sense." □

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HUNGARIAN APERÇUS

THE MAN from the Central Committee intimates that Hungary discovered *glasnost* when Mikhail Gorbachev was still carrying Andropov's briefcase. (He doesn't use those words.) And he points to the Buda hills on the far side of the Danube River, which bisects the city. Its waters on this late spring Friday sparkle in the sun. The hills are densely packed with substantial homes, marching cheek by jowl up one valley crease and down the next; most of them were built by independent carpenters, masons, plumbers, and electricians. How did this happen?

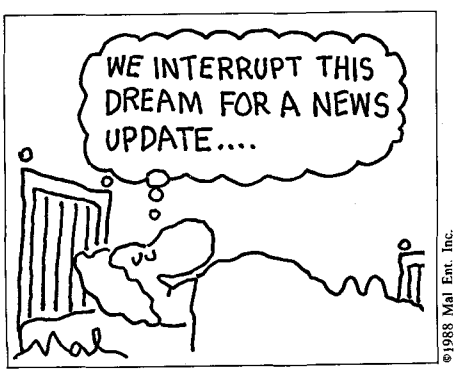
Every Hungarian, we learn, has the right to own his house or apartment, plus a "summer home." Hungarians travel freely—U.S. officials believe there are only a handful of them who cannot get a passport. You can buy Western newspapers and magazines not only in the big tourist hotels but around the city, although distribution is slight. There's no censorship of foreign news; in fact, Hungarian TV, which pulls down the United States Information Agency's Worldnet program every morning—it put up a satellite dish before the U.S. Embassy did—tapes the show and sends it across the street to the USIA library, which then plays it to a Hungarian audience that afternoon. The pedestrian mall on the Pest side of the river is crowded with stylish boutiques, bookstores whose English language offerings are not limited to *Sister Carrie* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, up-to-date electronics shops, and art galleries that compare with the best in the West. The only long line in town is outside a store that sells Adidas, much in vogue in today's trendy Budapest.

Every year 15 million tourists flock to Hungary (population: 11 million)—from the other satellites, but increasingly also from West Germany, Scandinavia, Italy. There are no police with tommyguns around, though Western diplomats go on the assumption that the secret police use extremely sophisticated surveillance techniques to keep tabs on them. On the other hand, no one goes to jail for talking, even indiscreetly, to foreigners. These conversations may, however, be entered in a dossier for future use. Who knows?

From time to time, there are sharp reminders that the tiger is only caged, not tamed. A few days after our visit, stick-wielding riot police broke up street demonstrations in commemoration of the thirtieth anniversary of the hanging of Imre Nagy, hero of the aborted 1956 revolt. But such happenings are relatively rare.

U.S. Ambassador Mark Palmer says there have been no political prisoners in Hungary since 1972. His desk is in the large, airy corner room where Cardinal Mindszenty lived for 15 years after Soviet tanks rolled over the freedom-fighters in 1956 and he came seeking political asylum. So isolated was the U.S. Embassy—were all foreign embassies back then—that they knew very little of what was happening in the streets outside their walls. No comparison with today's relatively free exchange of information. Still, everyone understands that this could change overnight. Hungary remains a one-party Communist autocracy, and, so long as it does, the present freedoms remain tentative.

The Hungarian authorities understood, years before the Chinese, that if they were ever to work their way out from under mountainous international debt and restructure their moribund economy, they must provide their people with tangible incentives, with hope for the future. As they became more flexible about enforcing laws restricting private property, however, they found that economic independence could not be kept separate from political freedom. How far they can go down that path and still maintain the one-party state and avoid Soviet displeasure is what the battle today is all about.



THE AGING János Kádár, who came to power during the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 as a repressive ruler, but who would later support the economic reforms, was kicked upstairs to the newly created post of party president a month ago. It was extraordinary enough that he could be voted out of office and that he would go peacefully, but the change cut even deeper than that. A Hungarian television newscaster recounts that, as he sat listening to the vote of the national party conference, keeping a list of the changes in the ruling Politburo, he realized that an historic event was taking place. Every one of the old guard—eight of the 13 members of the Politburo, including Kádár—had lost out. Almost as surprising, two noted economic and political liberals were elected to the Politburo, perhaps the only Party regulars in whom Hungarian dissidents have any trust. No sooner were these changes announced than a Hungarian radio broadcaster collared the newly elected Party secretary, Károly Grosz, and put to him some direct questions on touchy subjects such as how far the new government proposes to go in separating Party from state. It wasn't exactly Sam Donaldson going for the jugular, but they weren't Party-stamp questions, ei-

(Continues on page 53)

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THE GORBACHEV RATING

LAST FEBRUARY, when then-presidential candidate Al Gore described himself as the "toughest" Democrat of them all, he struck a nerve. "I don't think he's the toughest," bristled Dukakis; "I don't think he's the toughest at all." Dukakis has taken special care to see that the message gets across: He's one of the new breed of Democrats able to defend America's interests abroad. "If you listen to a Dukakis speech," notes *The New Republic*'s Morton Kondracke, "you'll hear the word 'tough' a lot. I counted once and I think he used it 23 times. But the policy isn't really tough." Dukakis, of course, isn't the only one. As they head for Atlanta, Democrats of all stripes are aware of how deeply their party has been hurt in presidential elections by what might be called the manhood problem: Can they be trusted to stand up to the Soviets? They have responded with various embellishments on the theme: No more Mr. Nice Guy.

All their macho rhetoric can't hide this troubling fact: in many areas of foreign policy, the Democrats and the Kremlin seem to have reached a remarkable consensus. No matter what basketful of foreign-policy issues one selects, a large number of Democratic leaders support the Soviet position most of the time. To test this assertion, we created the Gorbachev rating, which, in the great American tradition of political rankings, compares, on 11 key contested issues, how well or badly American leaders perform from the Soviet point of view. What we found is startling: every Democrat we surveyed had a rating of at least 50 per cent. And many Democrats—such as Michael Dukakis, Paul Simon, Gary Hart, and Jesse Jackson—compiled Gorbachev ratings of *80 to 100 per cent.* Without casting aspersions on their patriotism, it is nonetheless true that many in the American elite can be described as following a pro-Soviet foreign policy in this limited and objective sense: on key controversies, the Soviet position tends to be theirs.

What does this mean? The answer can't be that every politician with a high Gorbachev rating is a Soviet agent or willing dupe. The Kremlin does not have enough hard currency to buy American leaders, and, sly though they may be, we do not believe the Soviets are clever enough to fool most of Congress and the press 90 per cent of the time. That is not to say that there are no Soviet agents in the U.S. or that they don't have important effects. There are, and they do. But far more interesting is a new phenomenon: Americans who seem genuinely committed to frustrating Soviet objectives, yet nevertheless exhibit a consistent pattern of pro-Soviet positions.

Even if some individuals are infected with dark, blame-America-first impulses, such tendencies don't seem adequate to explain the broad pattern of pro-Soviet positions among the elite. Unless you swallow the idea that a broad class of American intellectuals has suddenly become both malevolent and suicidal, this explanation simply won't wash. "These positions aren't taken *because* they're the positions of our adversary," explains Terry Michael, an aide in Senator Paul Simon's presidential campaign, rather, the largely Democratic elites honestly believe that defeating Contra aid, scuttling SDI, etc., further "America's best interests." "The average person in this country takes the position of Mikhail Gorbachev, if that's what you call it," Michael bravely continues.

But if Gorbachev is a visionary who has identified wide-ranging common interests between the U.S. and the USSR—or if he is, alternatively, a dupe or a mole who is taking positions that are in our best interests rather than those of his own country—why not say so? On either assumption, leaders with high Gorbachev ratings ought to be delighted with their rank. In fact, however, they strenuously deny that there is a broad harmony of interests between Moscow and Washington. "We want to try to find areas of agreement, because that promotes peace," said Gary Hart. "But obviously, in general, our interests are very different and will remain so." And the 1984 Democratic platform argued that the U.S. has an obligation to counter the "tyrannical" and "totalitarian Soviet state," and thwart "the enemies of democracy."

MOREOVER, leaders with high Gorbachev ratings tended to attack us for compiling the data. "You're trying to make all the Democrats out as Communists," complained Terry Michael. An aide to Representative Ron Dellums, who refused to identify himself, also refused even to tell us what position Dellums takes on aid to the Afghan *mujahedin*. "It's a bunch of McCarthyism," the voice said. (Later, a Dellums aide identifying himself as Max Miller confirmed that the congressman is against such aid.) "I guess you'll irritate a few people," predicted Sidney Blumenthal of the *Washington Post*. Indeed.

Other Democrats with less elevated Gorbachev ratings conceded that we may have uncovered a point. "It's definitely true that there's a pattern of foreign-policy weakness there," says Morton Kondracke. "It's mostly a matter of doing what they think is in the American interest . . . but there is this strong urge to reach some kind of accommodation."

Now, agreeing with the Soviets on a given issue or two doesn't mean agreeing with them on everything. As

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Dimitri Simes, a respected Soviet specialist, argued in the *Los Angeles Times*, one can hardly maintain that "Americans should not do anything that may give comfort to the Soviets. . . . This is the Soviet attitude in reverse." It is in our mutual interest to prevent an all-out nuclear war, for example. It is probably in our mutual interest to prevent nations such as Iran from developing nuclear weapons.

No one maintains that Soviet and American interests never intersect. The tacit claim of a politician like Jesse Jackson, however, who earns a 100 per cent Gorbachev rating, is that, on key issues, they nearly *always* intersect. Saying that the Soviets are sometimes right is one thing. But to justify a 100 per cent rating, the Soviets must always be right.

Michael Kinsley, editor of *The New Republic*, tried to turn the tables on Dinesh D'Souza, former managing editor of *Policy Review*: "Just because you agree with the Ku Klux Klan on racial quotas or South Africa sanctions doesn't mean you have the same interests." True enough. But if you created a KKK rating comparing Klan views with those of prominent conservatives, the chart would not reveal the 80 to 100 per cent compatibility frequently displayed in the Gorbachev rating. Pat Buchanan, say, opposes racial quotas, but he also favors immigration and race-blind hiring procedures, not to mention aid to Israel and to Catholic schools. Moreover, if Buchanan were told he had earned a high KKK rating, we doubt that he would respond by saying, "I'm seeking out agreement with the Klan on areas where we have mutual interests"—let alone saying, "On many issues, Americans agree with the Ku Klux Klan." Instead, Buchanan, like any other prominent conservative, would take some pains to demonstrate that he finds the Klan repugnant.

In general, and with few exceptions, those with high Gorbachev ratings have failed to do this vis-à-vis the Soviets. Try to imagine Michael Kinsley com-

The Gorbachev Rating

ISSUES	Pat Buchanan	Jim Courter	Jack Kemp	Norman Podhoretz	Ronald Reagan	George Bush	*Wall Street Journal* editorial page	Robert Dole	Morton Kondracke	Sam Nunn	Les Aspin
1. U.S. deployment of SDI in the 1990s	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	UND.	UND.	NO
2. Aid to the Contras	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
3. Aid to UNITA	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	UND.
4. Elimination of medium-range missiles from Europe	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	NO
5. Deployment of 100 MX missiles	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	NO	YES	NO
6. Loose interpretation of the 1972 ABM treaty	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	N.A.	YES	NO	NO	NO
7. Flagging and escort for Kuwaiti ships in the Gulf	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	NO	NO
8. Withdrawal of one-third of U.S. troops from NATO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	N.A.	NO	NO	NO	UND.
9. Sanctions against South Africa	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES
10. Compliance with SALT II	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES	YES
11. Aid to the Afghan rebels	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
GORBACHEV RATING	0	0	0	0	9	9	11	27	50	50	67

Note: Chart reflects positions taken at the time of the survey, generally December 1987 or January 1988—not necessarily most recent statements. Underlined answers are those that agree with Soviet policy.

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plaining if President Reagan called the Klan an "evil" organization. Or Michael Dukakis saying about South Africa: "Whether or not we like their system, they've got nuclear weapons. We're on the same planet, and we've got to survive together." The Soviet Union, much more dangerous than the KKK or South Africa, is accorded a large measure of deference; its positions are treated with respect.

We have a tentative theory about why America's elite displays this pattern of pro-Soviet positions. The answer does not lie in dark, half-conscious motives, but in a cluster of unscrutinized assumptions and emotions. For example, many liberals have an almost hypnotic fear of nuclear war, and an equally superstitious commitment to arms-control agreements as the only way to prevent it. Although this may not directly explain their acquiescence to Soviet positions on non-nuclear issues, seeking agreement in one area appears to strengthen the consensus-seeking muscles in other areas. Running ten miles a day doesn't force you to eat healthy foods as well, but the two often go together as part of a general propensity to get in shape. As Kondracke notes, many Western leaders "tend to want to get along with the Soviet Union, and there are certain policy issues that they don't recognize as central to the security of the United States." This introduces a subtle shift into the equation: where the tendency used to be, "Agree where it is proved there are common interests," it now becomes, "Agree unless it is proved that the U.S. is threatened." A limited meeting for business purposes quickly becomes a date, then an affair.

The second, related notion is that the United States cannot influence the Soviet Union. "We can't change their system," as even Ronald Reagan has argued, so we might as well minimize any differences between us. Now, few American leaders actually behave as if they believed this maxim of impotence.

(Continues on page 53)

ISSUES	Stephen Solarz	Bill Bradley	Al Gore	Michael Dukakis	Anthony Lewis	*New York Times* editorial page	Paul Simon	Gary Hart	Jesse Jackson	Alexander Cockburn	Ron Dellums
1. U.S. deployment of SDI in the 1990s	UND.	UND.	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
2. Aid to the Contras	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
3. Aid to UNITA	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
4. Elimination of medium-range missiles from Europe	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
5. Deployment of 100 MX missiles	UND.	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
6. Loose interpretation of the 1972 ABM treaty	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
7. Flagging and escort for Kuwaiti ships in the Gulf	YES	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
8. Withdrawal of one-third of U.S. troops from NATO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	N.A.	YES	YES	YES	YES
9. Sanctions against South Africa	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
10. Compliance with SALT II	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
11. Aid to the Afghan rebels	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	N.A.	NO	NO
GORBACHEV RATING	67	70	72	82	82	82	90	91	100	100	100

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THE HUNGARIAN EVOLUTION

IF YOU TRAVEL due east from Vienna, after forty miles you will come to Bratislava—formerly Pressburg, or Pozsony, the ancient capital of the Kingdom of Hungary, and now the capital of Slovakia. Bratislava was recently the scene of the violent disruption of a peaceful Catholic demonstration for religious freedom. The police came in with water jets, tear gas, and nightsticks, and made more than 150 arrests. Even foreign reporters and camera crews were temporarily jailed. Gorbachev may talk about *glasnost*, but Prague remains adamant. Vatican efforts to reach an agreement about episcopal appointments and about discrimination against the faithful in daily life have all come to nothing. Prague fears religion, which has the support of large numbers of ordinary people, far more than it does Charter 77, whose signers are "merely artists and intellectuals."

If, on your eastward journey, you turn slightly south, you will come to Hungary, where thirty years ago the situation was exactly as it is today in Czechoslovakia. Nowadays, at the Hungarian border, you have no trouble obtaining entry, and on weekends hordes of Austrians take the opportunity to come over and shop, have their hair done, or get their teeth fixed at very low prices. And Hungarians can travel west, if they have the money. Hungary's evolution in recent years has indeed been phenomenal, and one can now say that Hungarians are as free as—perhaps freer than—the Poles.

Believe it or not, on March 15 more than ten thousand Hungarians demonstrated in Budapest demanding "freedom and democracy." The date marked the anniversary of the 1848 Hungarian revolution against Austrian rule, when Sándor Petöfi read his famous poem in public:

Rise, Hungarians, long live the fatherland,
Now is the time, now or never.
Will we be slaves or freemen?
This is the question—take your choice!

This year, at the Petöfi monument, the crowd recited the poem in chorus, and outstanding authors and poets spoke. Their words were carefully chosen, and contained absolutely no hint of leftist sentiment. The police did not interfere.

Today in Hungary there is an extra-parliamentary, but by no means illegal, opposition, a situation nearly unique in Eastern Europe (Poland, once again, is the other exception). Part of this opposition is organized in the Hungarian Democratic Forum, which meets irregularly and actually invites members of the Communist Party to take part in its discussions. One learns of these activities from a *samizdat* publication called *Beszélö* (*The Talker*). By the way, although *Beszélö* is referred to as *samizdat* it is not forbidden—it is merely "self-published" in the sense that it is typewritten and photo-copied rather than printed. Indeed, it lists both the names and the addresses of its editors and contributors.

Issue number 22, which contains 15 double-spaced pages, talks about the slow change in the vocabulary of the government, which used to speak of "the enemy," then of "the opposition," and now refers merely to "otherwise-thinkers" (*másképtgondolkozók*), with whom, Prime Minister Károly Grosz is quoted as saying, the government wants to have a dialogue. To think differently, he added, was perfectly proper, although to act against the government remains inadmissible. Not many years ago it would have been unimaginable for a Prime Minister to say even that.

Such "tolerated" *samizdat* publications are exceedingly interesting. They criticize the Stalinist Rakosi period and are emphatic about free elections, and about personal and—above all—cultural freedom. The latter is deemed vitally important in Central and Eastern Europe, where politics, ideology, literature, and the arts are densely interwoven. Economics as such receives little notice in these publications, although one frequently sees the phrase "the present crisis," expressing fear of a major economic disaster. There are few if any references to either the Soviet Union or the United States, but many to Western political classics. Considerable space is devoted to the sad fate of Hungarian minorities in other countries, particularly Rumania (one out of three Hungarians lives "abroad"), and the emphasis on "national" and ethnic feeling is plain.

HUNGARY HAS the largest Jewish community in the heart of Europe, and another fine *samizdat* publication is called *Magyar Zsido* (*Hungarian Jew*). This sixty-page "independent political and cultural periodical" also lists its contributors, but not their addresses. Its stance is similar to that of *Beszélö*, and it specifically deplores leftist tendencies among Jews. My copy (number two) shows great interest in the struggle of the Christian churches for independence: religious Jews feel that they, too, have a stake in that struggle.

It is worth noting that this evolution in Hungary started before Gorbachev's *glasnost* and has reached a stage still unknown in the Soviet Union. So far, two things are certain: 1) the liberalization exists, and 2) even after the Party conference in May, it is impossible to predict whether it will gain momentum, stop at the present level, or be canceled out, because the final decision depends not on the Hungarian regime but on powers outside of the country. Hungary's (unchanged) national anthem implores God to protect the Hungarian people, which, through its sufferings, has atoned for its sins, past and future. □

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WHODUNIT?

Joseph Sobran

Prime Times, Bad Times, by Ed Joyce (Doubleday, 561 pp., $19.95)

Who Killed CBS? by Peter J. Boyer (Random House, 361 pp., $18.95)

NOT LONG ago, CBS News was "the *New York Times* of broadcast journalism." Or maybe we should say the New York Yankees. It had the biggest names in the business—Murrow, Collingwood, Cronkite, Sevareid—along with a deep bench of distinguished correspondents, who gave the network a sheer authority NBC and ABC couldn't match.

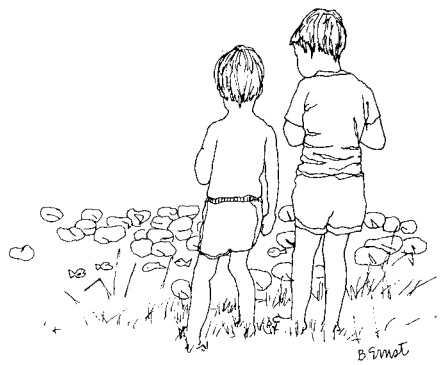
In recent years, though, morale, ratings, and profits have plunged. CBS News has been riven by bitter internal fights that have spilled out into public view and have been carried on in the pages of major newspapers and magazines, with Dan Rather, Bill Moyers, and Andy Rooney blasting the executive branch in print.

Who's to blame for the network's decline? Ed Joyce was president of the news division from 1983 to 1985, and in *Prime Times, Bad Times* he spreads the guilt around generously, with special attention to his sometime close friend Van Gordon Sauter, a colorful, iconoclastic operator who eventually found every man's (and woman's) hand turned against him, and the edgy, flaky Rather, who at one party, distracted by the presence of another anchorman, inadvertently gave Joyce's cheek a smooch of greeting. Joyce gets a lot of revenge, but he does it through irresistible anecdotes. To say his book reads like a novel is to give the novel more credit than it deserves.

In *Who Killed CBS?* Peter J. Boyer, the TV reporter for the *New York Times*, treats CBS's recent fortunes like the fall of the House of Atreus, with Sauter as the villain. Boyer adopts the perspective of the discontented inner ring who eventually expelled Sauter. The moral is a little heavy-handed: back in the good old days—there were giants in the earth then—CBS stood for Quality, Values, Standards. Cronkite represented the link to the Murrow era, grounded in print journalism, a little dull, but solid and respectable. Rather, who had begun his career not at a newspaper but at a small Texas TV station, represented a new era, and Sauter tried to turn this into a whole new style, which resulted in what Bill Moyers called a "corruption of values."

Unfortunately, Boyer is much stronger on office politics than he is on the actual techniques of television, about which he says little. After all, Sauter had a point. He saw that the age of talking heads was past. TV was going to have to become more cinematic, so to speak, and exploit its own strengths, rather than exist as a newspaper manqué. He preached what he called "the doctrine of moments"—the "moments" being those fleeting instantaneous impressions that only TV could capture.

To many, this was blasphemy. At any rate, it was expedient to treat it as such, especially when Sauter stepped on toes by shaking up the operation. His many enemies invoked the sacred name of Murrow against his attempts to enliven the news. Sauter called them "self-appointed priests of self-serving piousness, who were everywhere. And who would posture themselves to be representing [*sic*] the best values of the news division when they were really representing themselves."



He realized that TV can't base itself on either the printed word or radio. Printed reportage is delivered in the past tense. The camera offers the present tense—immediacy. Whether Sauter adapted to new times well or badly is secondary: at least he tried. Hewing to a Murrow model wouldn't have flown in the Eighties. It was a new ballgame. CBS's history couldn't have assured its continued dominance, so it's misleading to speak of it as declining when the competition started winning under the new rules. The new game was anybody's game.

Boyer's version, partial though it is to Sauter's enemies, can't quite conceal his energy and charm, and the deep rancor of those enemies is felt on every page. At one point Boyer de-

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scribes their mood as "inflamed and conspiratorial." The reader can't help feeling that the inflammation and the conspiracy have carried over into the book, so that only half the story is being told.

Once Sauter was out, of course, he became a handy scapegoat for everyone. Rather, whom Sauter had championed against the Cronkite legacy, has lately taken to talking Murrow-talk about the decline of standards under the regime of the new president, Laurence Tisch, who won rank-and-file enmity with his drastic economies. It seems to be in nobody's interest to admit that Sauter had any redeeming qualities.

So it now remains for Sauter to write his own book. I think I'll suspend judgment until I read his version of what happened. □

MAHAN REDUX

William R. Hawkins

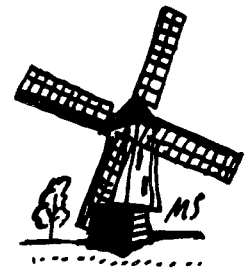
Seapower in Global Politics 1494-1993, by George Modelski and William R. Thompson (University of Washington, 394 pp., $35)

THIS BOOK is destined to become a standard work of reference; nearly half of it is devoted to tables and graphs charting the year-by-year changes in naval strength of the great powers over five centuries. However, it is the book's thesis that makes it relevant to current debates over national-security policy.

Modelski and Thompson are exponents of the world-systems-analysis school, which stresses historical analogy and multi-disciplinary studies. It has large Marxist and liberal-pacifist elements, but the authors have chosen to apply its methods within a more traditional framework.

Their thesis is that protracted cycles start and end with global wars. No world system existed until, at the end of the fifteenth century, the Portuguese sailed into the Indian Ocean to link Europe with Asia. The authors list five periods of global war since then: the Italian and Indian Ocean Wars, 1494-1516; the Dutch-Spanish Wars, 1580-1608; the Wars of Louis XIV, 1688-1713; the Napoleonic Wars, 1792-1815; and the World Wars, 1914-1945.

From each of these a dominant global power has emerged. This power then has had "the capacity to provide, for a substantial period, an ordering principle and a focus for world affairs." Fortunately for the advancement of civilization, the winning powers (Portugal, the Netherlands, England twice, and the United States) have always been characterized by humane governments and innovative, largely capitalist economies. One can imagine how the world's "ordering principle" would change if the Soviet Union were to replace the United States as the dominant power.



Over time, dominant powers decline relative to others until the system becomes so unstable that a new global struggle ensues. The dominant power then either defends its position successfully or is replaced. The critical element in these wars has been seapower; command of the oceans allows a state to isolate the effects of a defeat in any theater, while leaving open the possibility of taking the war to the enemy in another. In short, navies provide "global reach," the defining attribute of a global power.

However, seapower cannot win wars by itself: "The naval victories and the blockades and the landings that went with them created, at the global level, preconditions of final victory . . . But they had to be combined with land warfare, inevitably of a coalition type, to clinch the issues at the regional and local levels."

Global wars are fought by coalitions, but at the core of these coalitions are nation-states. As Modelski writes in his 1986 work, *Long Cycles in World Politics*:

> The nation-state proved to be the only organization capable of spearheading and then sustaining large operations at long distances and on a global scale. Papal coordination was tried but found lacking . . . city-states such as Venice . . . were too small for oceanic ventures. Powerful continental empires such as those of the Habsburgs in Europe, the Ming dynasty in China, or the Mughals in India did not or could not succeed because they were pre-modern organizations.

There have also been no successful "global parties" based on ideology, whether religious or secular—a warning to those who place their faith in either a "Communist international" or a "global democratic capitalism."

Comparisons between *Seapower* and Paul Kennedy's *Rise and Fall of the Great Powers* are inevitable. The two books cover the same time period and share many of the same emphases. Both regard war as the central and decisive factor in international relations, and thus stress military preparedness. Both see a mercantilist model of capitalism as the most effective system for building up the economic potential of nation-states. Modelski and Thompson would, for example, agree with this observation by Kennedy concerning the rise of the West: "What distinguished the captains, crews, and explorers of Europe was that they possessed the ships and the firepower with which to achieve their ambitions, and that they came from a political environment in which competition, risk, and entrepreneurship were prevalent." There is nothing in *Rise and Fall* that supports isolationism or the cutting of defense in order to fund larger welfare programs. Those liberals who have cited Kennedy have apparently done so without really reading (or understanding) his book. Nor will they find any support for their views in *Seapower in Global Politics*.

True, Kennedy is more pessimistic about the future than are Modelski and Thompson. Kennedy sees the relative decline in the U.S. industrial base as a threat to the maintenance of America's global military commitments. Modelski and Thompson also recognize the link between economic leadership and global power, but they focus more narrowly on deployed naval forces, rather than on the underlying economies. They see the bipolar world continuing, with only the U.S. and the USSR having both the will and the ability to exercise global reach.

The problem is that a static U.S. Navy faces a growing Soviet fleet. Though Congress in a surprise move last year funded two new aircraft carriers, overall budget cuts have made the six-hundred-ship fleet impossible. Nor will the Navy reach its goal of one hundred nuclear attack submarines. Though the U.S. may still have an overall advantage, American superiority is now in question—the kind of instability that breeds war.

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Have nuclear weapons made military history irrelevant? Modelski and Thompson do not think so. Nuclear deterrence may mean only that the global struggle will be fought at a less intense level over a longer period. However, a nuclear war is also possible. "If life itself survived the initial shock of the nuclear holocaust, hostilities would continue for a prolonged period, probably taking the form of 'broken-back' warfare." Another possibility, which the book does not address, is that drastic cuts in nuclear arsenals would reopen the door to large-scale conventional conflict. But whatever form future wars take, seapower will play the same strategic role that it has in the past. □

BEHIND THE SCENES ON ROE v. WADE

Maggie Gallagher

Roe v. Wade: The Untold Story of the Landmark Supreme Court Decision That Made Abortion Legal, by Marian Faux (Macmillan, 370 pp., $22.50)

MARIAN FAUX'S first book, on the challenge of parenthood, was titled *Childless by Choice*. Her second, *Roe v. Wade*, is the inspirational tale of the two young women who "without any thought of larger glory" created the court case that brought America abortion-on-demand. Abortion, Miss Faux informs us, is an issue "about which people cannot be rational." Well, some people anyway.

"Professionally, I was committed to writing an objective book about the legalization of abortion." Objective, though, this book hardly pretends to be; yet *Roe v. Wade* is nonetheless a fascinating account of the pro-abortion movement in the years when it admitted that that was what it was. Our heroines are straight out of central casting: Sara Weddington, later chief woman of the Carter Administration, is an outgoing redhead, a minister's daughter, the exquisitely presentable Southern belle. Linda Coffee was the nerd: disheveled, ill-at-ease, immersed in legal intricacies.

Miss Faux recounts with loving detail how diligently our heroines had to search to come up with a suitable client. In fact Miss Weddington almost decided to fake it: "It certainly was not Weddington's first choice to use a kind of trumped-up defendant, but if no one else turned up, she realized it might be her only option." Just then, Norma McCorvey materialized: articulate, appealing, the victim (so she said) of rape. Eureka! Uncertain as to the veracity of her story (Mrs. McCorvey later admitted she had made it all up), Sara Weddington and Linda Coffee were careful to keep the rape issue out of the law books, but not, it seems, out of the history books, which somehow kept churning out the popular legend of Texas law's cruelty to one poor rape victim. The bulk of the book is devoted to a blow-by-blow account of the case churning through the courts. It's slow going, but there are ways to keep one's interest up.

First, *Roe v. Wade* can be read as a paean to the joys of dictatorship. Miss Weddington and Miss Coffee considered and rejected the idea of seeking abortion reform in state legislatures because "court activity required less support (and certainly tolerated no lobbying) than attempts to change the laws through state legislatures." The pair ultimately decided the constitutional right to abortion lay in either the Ninth or the Fourteenth Amendment; they weren't sure which. Indeed, one of the more amusing pictures Miss Faux paints is one of ardently pro-abortion lawyers madly thumbing through the text of the Constitution, searching for the right to an abortion as if it were a mislaid hat.

Second, those with strong stomachs can dip into the now-forgotten eugenicist propaganda that fueled the abortion drive. In 1970, for example, the Methodist Church announced it favored "cheap and easy" abortion to "stem the flow" of the population crisis. James Clark, a pro-abortion Texas state legislator whom the author eulogizes as "a rare man in the 1960s in that he was willing to listen to what women wanted and then try to help them get it," became interested in abortion reform after visiting a state school for severely retarded persons. And Miss Faux points out, as a pro-abortion milestone, a Swedish jury's decision to acquit a mother who had murdered her deformed infant (the weapon? a baby bottle filled with a lethal dose of drugs), confirming that the connection between abortion and infanticide does not subsist merely in the overheated imagination of anti-choice zealots. Indeed, the author unapologetically asserts, "Everyone with the exception of the Catholic Church seemed to be moving rapidly toward a consensus that abortion was not only morally acceptable, but a necessity in a world threatened with serious population problems."

It is not an attractive picture. Quite apart from an intense religious bigotry rather fearlessly displayed, *Roe v. Wade* highlights abortion advocates' willingness to lie, if necessary, to achieve their aims. Among the most effective myths is the one that "millions of women" were "forced into illegal abortions every year, many at great risk to themselves." Miss Faux repeats some variant of this falsehood at least five times, although she herself acknowledges that a more reliable estimate is about 500,000 illegal abortions, and that illegal abortions were probably not particularly dangerous (to the mother, that is). Nonetheless, "an image of tens of thousands of women being maimed or killed each year by illegal abortion was so persuasive a piece of propaganda that the movement could be forgiven its failure to double-check the facts."

Miss Faux's ultimate aim is to paint the radical *Roe* decision as middle-of-the-road (Sara Weddington is described as "traditionalist to the core" and women active in the pro-abortion movement are described as "conservative"). She fails, of course, and in the process creates an unwitting testament to the unattractive moral impulses and political tactics guiding the pro-abortion movement in its halcyon days. □

THE ABSENCE OF GREATNESS

J. O. Tate

Close Connections: Caroline Gordon and the Southern Renaissance, by Ann Waldron (Putnam's, 416 pp., $22.95)

THE TITLE of this biography implies at least three kinds of "close connections." First would be the "close connexion of bliss and bale" we know from Henry James's preface to *What Maisie Knew*, which phrase may be taken to stand for Caroline Gordon's relationship to her husband, Allen

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM JUNE: In *Pushing the Faith: Proselytism and Civility in a Pluralistic World* (Crossroad, $19.95), edited by Martin E. Marty and Frederick E. Greenspahn, an agglomeration of theologians, social scientists, and historians of religion consider religious conversion and the missionary impulse from the Roman Empire to the late-twentieth-century activities of the Unification Church, and offer such genuinely interesting observations as that Christians have been only sporadically given to proselytizing during the two-thousand-year history of the Church, while Jews have been far more active in seeking converts than is ordinarily supposed.

☐ MORE JULY TITLES: For many years, the greatness of Enrico Caruso has been assumed to lie in the powers of the great natural instrument he possessed, rather than in the developed artistry of his musicianship. In *The Great Caruso* (Knopf, $24.95), however, Michael Scott (author of *The Record of Singing*) draws our attention to the constant development that occurred in the tenor's technique and style between his first engagements in 1894 and his premature death at the age of 48 in 1921.

John Cardinal O'Connor (Scribner's, $19.95) is an unusual biography of the tough-minded and "stubborn" defender of Pope John Paul II by his unlikely friend Nat Hentoff, a longstanding columnist for *The Village Voice* and a self-described "stiff-necked Jewish atheist."

☐ COMING IN AUGUST: In *Poland Challenges a Divided World* (Louisiana, $19.95), John Rensenbrink argues that Solidarity is a far less parochial movement than the Western media describe it as being, and that the possibility that it will actually produce the first example of peaceful constitutional change in a Communist country is very real.

Twin Powers: Politics and the Sacred (Eerdmans, $8.95), by Thomas Molnar, is an examination of power and its essential attachment to the sacred in the past and in the present de-sacralized milieu. —CW

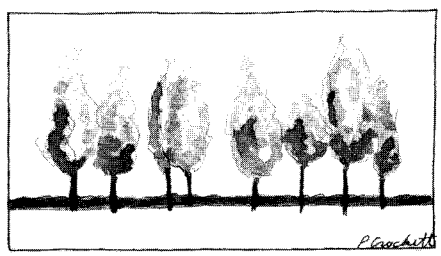
Tate—to her love for him and jealousy of him, and to "their torture of equilibrium," their two divorces, their lives together and apart. This is the most important close connection, the heart of the matter.

Another is "The Connection," the extended family of Meriwethers and others from whom Caroline Gordon sprang—the rural Kentucky matrix of her imagination. Caroline Gordon declared more than once that Allen Tate had taught her what she knew about writing; but it was her family that provided her with her background, her sense of language and history, her fund of lore and stories, her agrarian roots.

The third connection would be the broadest one, the literary web of friendships and influences and protégés. Here this biography supplies perhaps its most absorbing pages, as we follow the course of friends and acquaintances including Andrew Lytle, Ford Madox Ford, John Crowe Ransom, Gertrude Stein, William Faulkner, Robert Penn Warren, Edmund Wilson, Herbert Read, Louise Bogan, T. S. Eliot, Dorothy Day, Jacques Maritain, Maxwell Perkins, and Katherine Anne Porter. Since Caroline Gordon and her husband both taught and promoted the talent of the young, we also find connections with a later generation of writers including Robert Lowell, Flannery O'Connor, Peter Taylor, and Walker Percy. The texture of the book is dominated by this latter connection—the sometimes harrowing account of entertainments, contretemps, intrigues, and gossip. Miss Waldron is aware that Miss Gordon had her triumphs, to be sure, but her focus is more on bale than on bliss.

Her focus when there is one, that is. One of her paragraphs reads: "Gas was rationed, but they could get enough to go to Tennessee by pleading change of residence." That's about the same amount of attention she gives to each of Miss Gordon's novels as they go by. Her obtuse comments have a way of destroying any point about her subject. How fine it is to hear Miss Gordon take Edmund Wilson down a peg:

> You know, Edmund, I have sat around for nearly twenty years listening to you talk, often about the novel. I don't think it ever occurred to you during that time that I might possibly have anything to say. But I think you'd do well to listen occasionally to what fiction writers have to say. It seems to me that both in conversation and in your criticism you show great interest in novelty of subject and almost no interest in technique. . . . But please, in memory of all those hours that I have listened to you talking through your hat, don't have my book reviewed in *The New Yorker* at all.



And how dreadfully flat is Miss Waldron's clichéd feminist analysis: "Caroline, defending her book with spirit, makes a point that many a married woman has wanted to make to many a man who paid attention to her husband's opinions but not to her own."

That's a really vital consideration for all those *Ms.* magazine subscribers out there who really care about the Southern Renaissance! They're the *persons*, after all, who can comprehend this biographer's contempt for her subject: "She acted like a feminist, talked like a Southern ninny." Miss Waldron's feminism keeps her from understanding her subject even when she takes her part: "Caroline's temper had gone from bad to worse, and the neighbors complained that they heard her scream at night and throw dishes against the wall. Her behavior does not seem inappropriate to one who knows that Allen had embarked on a series of love affairs. . . . Wives do not have a great many choices in situations like this. They can cry. They can go mad. Caroline reacted with memorable fury." Although Miss Waldron says that Miss Gordon never stopped loving her husband even after their second divorce, she never establishes him as a presence. She admits that "Allen's charm always worked," but she cannot show it.

Miss Waldron is fond of attributing her own attitudes to others: "Most of the world saw them as an amusing couple, once a bit cracked on the Old Confederacy and now obsessed with the Catholic Church." In those days, "It was easy, even chic, to be a Catholic."

In this way, Miss Waldron portrays Miss Gordon's humanity and wisdom as eccentricity. The moving story of Miss Gordon's life asserts its own force, and the book is intermittently illuminating, but it also leaves the sense that it was rushed into print. It is not often that one sees a book that would have been better if it were half again as long. And in the end, Miss

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Waldron's account of Miss Gordon's literary works is smothered in her trivialization of ideas, of cultural convictions, and of religious faith. Biography today is a lost art in part because we have forgotten the truth of a woman's words:

> People are always imagining that if they get hold of the writer himself and, so to speak, shake him long enough and hard enough, something exciting and illuminating will drop out of him. But it doesn't. What's due to come out has come out, in the only form in which it ever can come out. All one gets by shaking is the odd paper clip and crumpled carbons of his wastepaper basket. . . . What we make is more important than what we are, particularly if making is our profession. [Dorothy L. Sayers to her son, 1937.]

Miss Waldron quotes Louise Cowan on Caroline Gordon: "We knew we were in the presence of greatness." But in this book, I find the absence of it. □

FROM SAM CLEMENS TO MARK TWAIN

Charles Nicol

Mark Twain's Letters: Volume I, 1853-1866, edited by Edgar Marquess Branch, Michael B. Frank, and Kenneth M. Sanderson (University of California, 616 pp., $35)

SAM CLEMENS'S first surviving letter dates from his arrival in New York to see the World's Fair in 1853; it is devoted primarily to the hour he spent watching the two "Wild Men of Borneo," while the "infernal abolitionists" prompt the following: "I reckon I had better black my face, for in these Eastern States niggers are considerably better than white people." The gullible 17-year-old bigot addressed these sentiments to his mother, and they were promptly printed in the *Hannibal Journal* by his brother Orion. Sam's juvenile racism underwent a radical reversal during the Civil War, but there was no need for an equivalent change in his writing style. Because Sam, coming from a newspaper family, often wrote with an eye for publication, even his earliest letters are exceptionally readable today.

The early letters frequently juxtapose inside jokes with travelogue descriptions, juggling the responsibilities of a roving reporter with those of son and brother. In fact, several letters to the *Muscatine Tri-Weekly Journal* (Orion had moved to Iowa) consist solely of snippets from the St. Louis papers and seem to be more in the line of hack reporting than correspondence. But, by the age of twenty, Sam had developed a splendid playfulness in writing to his female correspondents: one letter to his girlfriend, Annie Taylor, consists of a long description of "a religious mass-meeting of several millions" of bugs that accompanied him during late-night typesetting, ending with his combing "976 beetles" out of his hair the next morning.

Unfortunately, little correspondence survives from Sam's four years on the river, starting as a cub pilot at the age of 21: years described in some of the best writing produced by Mark Twain—or anyone else—in *Life on the Mississippi*. We do have an agonized letter telling his sister that their brother Henry had just died, from injuries suffered when a steamboat exploded—a steamboat that Sam had left earlier in the trip because of an argument with another pilot. Though the writing is conventional, even stilted, the pain, exhaustion, and survivor-guilt come through:

> The horrors of three days have swept over me—they have blasted my youth and left me an old man before my time. Mollie, there are grey hairs in my head tonight. For 48 hours I labored at the bedside of my poor burned and bruised, but uncomplaining brother, and then the star of my hope went out and left me in the gloom of despair.

In 1861, with the beginning of the Civil War, the Union closed down the river. After serving two weeks as a Confederate volunteer (a stint undocumented in letters), Sam, at the age of 25, went west with Orion, who had received the government post of Secretary of the Nevada Territory. The next four years, spent in Carson City, Aurora, and Virginia City, are well represented here, in a nice counterpoint to the hilarious account in *Roughing It*. We see Sam endlessly speculating in mining stocks, whose price might rise or fall a thousand per cent in a month. (As a reporter, Sam often got stocks free, with the hope or understanding that he might puff the latest gold mine in the paper, and cause an immediate rise in the value of its stock.) The mining schemes he outlines in letters to Orion when they are separated by a few miles involve such complex wheeling and dealing that one turns with considerable relief to his letters home: "No flowers grow here, and no green thing gladdens the eye. The birds that fly over the land carry their provisions with them." He takes occasional camping trips to Lake Tahoe, always described with rapture: "The Lake seems more supernaturally beautiful now than ever. It is the masterpiece of the Creator."

Soon his reporting had the byline Mark Twain—briefly, he even used it to sign his letters home. Between practical jokes, comic reporting, and mock feuds with the Unreliable (a reporter for a rival paper), he became a local celebrity. He was elected governor of the Third House of the Legislature, a colorful group of fun-loving legislators, reporters, and other interested parties; he had a night-long spree with the older humorist Artemus Ward. After a drunken column offended a women's group, challenges were issued for several duels, none of which took place.

A visit to some California mining camps led to the "Jumping Frog" tale and the realization that with its publication in New York, Mark Twain might soon be famous. The immediate result was this postscript to a letter home: "You had better shove this in the stove—for if we strike a bargain I don't want any absurd 'literary remains' & 'unpublished letters of Mark Twain' published after I am planted."

This concern continued. After his mother's death most of his letters to her were burned by her executor, on instructions from Sam found in the letters themselves. Judging by those that survive, this was a loss to literature as well as to biography.

The *Letters* are part of the University of California's monumental edition of the Mark Twain papers. The editorial apparatus is a bit overwhelming, but very useful: counting introductions, exhaustive footnotes, appendices, textual commentaries, etc., more than half of these pages have been written by the editors, but everything seems justified. Many of the letters are collected for the first time, and even after this volume was set in print, these energetic researchers found one more, written to the *Virginia City Enterprise* to

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announce Twain's forthcoming lecture: "Our circus is coming. Sound the bewgag." For the record, after checking the textual apparatus, I'll correct the only typo I found ("lines" for "lies"), in a similar announcement several days later: "[I shall] disgorge a few lies and as much truth as I can pump out without damaging my constitution." Mark Twain's constitution was quite hale in those days. □

FILM

SO BIG

John Simon

HARD AS IT IS to believe, the American cinema has actually turned out an accomplished, endearing, and by no means mindless fantasy, *Big*. It was written by Steven Spielberg's kid sister, Anne, in collaboration with Gary Ross, and was directed—when Steven, thank goodness, became unavailable—by Penny Marshall. It may be that the reason this story of a 12-year-old boy miraculously transmuted into a young man circa 35 works so well is that two-thirds of its creative team were women. Though the boys-will-be-boys—or, rather, men-will-be-boys—story has rightly not been subverted, the feminine sensibility must have tempered the rowdiness with delicacy. The film is understatedly funny and measuredly sentimental; what it lacks in sharpness and brilliance, it very nearly makes up for in sensitivity and restraint.

Just think how awful things could have been had Spielberg directed, as he had planned, with Harrison Ford in the lead; the result, at best, would have been an Edsel. Ford's boyish charm, or what there is left of it, and his macho persona would have been of no greater use to him here than his acting ability, or what there ever was of it. Tom Hanks, however, proves just about perfect for the role of man-child rousing himself into a boy-man: brazening it out, lucking out, and sometimes just failing upward into the part of the spurious American adult. This character is not in the least out of the reach of a clever 12-year-old, especially if, in the course of the impersonation, the boy turns 13. Clearly, the Jewish view is at work here, for, at 13, the boy has turned man enough to get the girl, even if that girl is a tough, downright predatory, attractive businesswoman in her late twenties.

Twelve-year-old Josh Baskin, living just across the Hudson in bridge-and-tunnel country, is getting a bit bored with the school and games he shares with his best friend, Billy (earnestly and deliciously enacted by Jared Rushton), and hates being spurned by the girl he pines for merely because another boy is a trifle older and a good deal taller. So, at a fairground, he puts a quarter into an antiquated slot machine (so decrepit it barely looks postmodern) and asks Zoltar, the turbaned robot whose eyes light up and mouth gapes fiercely, to make him "big." He gets a card confirming that "Your Wish Will Come True"; next morning, he wakes up in Tom Hanks's body, but with all his adolescent insides intact. His panic-stricken mother takes him for her boy's kidnapper, and all Josh can do is escape to New York City in the on-and-off company of faithful Billy, who alone believes in and wants to help him but cannot always get away from home. Josh registers in one of Times Square's seamier hotels, the St. James, which Billy deems suitable because it is named after a saint. Actually, it's a den of pimps and whores, and when, in one of the film's many delightful moments, Josh turns off a particularly violent movie on television, what goes on around him in the hotel and the street below sounds exactly the same. Such touches in the movie are almost always handled swiftly and uninsistently, and are all the more telling for it.

Josh gets a job as a computer operator in a toy company, an unlikely circumstance made both amusing and just about believable, as is his promotion to head of product development, a job he gets when he and his boss accidentally meet at F. A. O. Schwarz's toy emporium and have a riotous time tapping out duets on a giant luminous piano keyboard laid out on the floor. Josh also makes some rambling comments about what kids want or don't want from toys. This speech may persuade only the boss, but for us there are many other good things: Josh, with Billy's aid, furnishing his loft as a child's dream playground; Josh arousing the jealous hatred of Paul Davenport (John Heard), one of the company's most ruthless operators, over whom he is promoted; Josh winning Paul's girl, the equally aggressive and scheming Susan, away from his fuming rival. Meanwhile he and Billy are still trying to track down Zoltar to get Josh back from a Big Apple operator into a small apple-cheeked boy: or will all that success as an adult businessman and Susan's new—and first true—love lure Josh away forever from his grieving parents, betrayed-feeling best buddy, and childhood itself?

The film, which wisely opts for infectiously droll scenes rather than belly laughs, and which further mixes the humor with dollops of wistfulness, depends crucially on Tom Hanks, who does not let it down. He manages to look and behave like a flawless conflation of child and adult without having to resort to any conventional tricks or cuteness. There is an intrinsic innocence and joy in what he does, and when he is puzzled by others or surprised by his own emotions, it is always done with a spontaneity and purity to make your very toes curl up in a smile. Take the office party where, in a ludicrously Liberacean rented white tux, Josh encounters unknown foods, including baby corn, which he proceeds to eat row by row, as if it were full-grown and he still a voracious child. It is this that draws Susan to him; and his subsequent delight at the gadgets in her rented stretch limo, and her toughness falling away as he overcomes her resistance to enjoying herself on the trampoline in his loft, are scenes that keep on romping inside one's memory.

Especially nice about *Big* is the way it handles Josh's sexual awakening. When Susan expresses doubts about staying the night on their first im-

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promptu date, Josh, who has bought a child's double-decker bed, says with perfect guilelessness, "You mean sleep over? Okay, but I get to be on top." This sort of thing is treated with stunning unsmuttiness, as is the much later scene of sexual initiation when Susan undoes her blouse and guides Josh's hand to her breast. To embrace her fully, Josh must remove his hand, but it remains cupped for a while, reluctant to relinquish the wonderful shape and sensation it has just discovered.

The theme, clearly, is the triumph of innocence, of what Nietzsche hailed as *das Kind im Manne*. When the vexed Paul asks Susan, "What's so special about Baskin?" she replies with infinite condescension, but also sincerity, "He's grown up." This paradox could have been of the essence, and, if the movie were not (almost regrettably) aimed at a family audience, it might have been more thoroughly explored. Are steady playfulness, unbridled *joie de vivre*, undiplomatic outspokenness, virginity at what seems to be age 35 really so grown-up? Of course, the statement can be taken as a mere amiable one-liner, but something—dare I say?—bigger seems to have been intended. Is the child father to the man in ways unsuspected even by Wordsworth and Freud? Is innocence not just enchanting, but also a form of superior wisdom? Or is American society, even in the realms of cutthroat business and sexual competition, so infantile that the most childlike shall lead them all?

In which case, is this a good or a terrible thing? Susan (very finely embodied by Elizabeth Perkins) thrives under Josh's influence, going from chilly promiscuity to faithful loving-kindness, from a severe look appropriate to relentless competitiveness to clothes and hairstyles of much greater femininity—without, however, sacrificing her business acumen. It is Josh who, though he seems to have everything, nevertheless wants to go back to his true childhood, and the choice, even if touchingly written and played, emerges a little less dramatically and humanly satisfying than one might wish. When Susan drives Josh back to the parental house in the suburbs, there are large letters embedded in the asphalt of the street: SCHOOL. SLOW. We must not rush our lives. But what is to become of Susan? Though she half-jokingly (and, therefore, half-seriously) allows as how Josh might catch up with her in ten years, is she not doomed, after such shared innocence, to a life of deprivation?

I don't wish to overpraise *Big*, but I want to give one more example of its freshness and suggestiveness. When Zoltar first grants Josh's wish, confirmed by that card printed in solemn gothic lettering, the boy discovers that the machine's cord was unplugged all along. When he eventually comes back for his, as it were, return ticket, Josh begins by carefully unplugging Zoltar. The miraculous could not be more gracefully conveyed. This is only the second film directed by the ex-TV actress Penny Marshall, and it is either a fluke or a most auspicious augury. If I knew the right slot, I'd drop in a quarter to make it be the latter.

But, please, whatever you do, do not confuse *Big* with *Big Business*, a dreadful film in which, playing two sets of twins, Bette Midler and Lily Tomlin display how doubly unfunny they can be in one long set of errors without much comedy. □

DELECTATIONS

CLEMENTINE & MRS. MACGOWEN

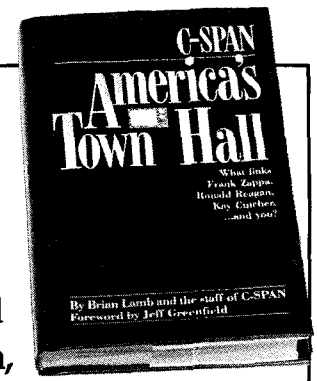
Nika Hazelton

TODAY, THE MAIL brought me a special cookbook, *Clementine in the Kitchen*, which has been reissued, after some forty years out of print, by the Boston publisher David Godine. I could not be more pleased to see it around, not only because it is good, but because it is the book that started me on my own career as a writer.

It was long ago, during World War II. I was living in Annapolis, Maryland, and commuting every day to Baltimore to work as an advertising copywriter in one of the city's big department stores. The miserable little Annapolis-Baltimore train, which I rode, had a tendency to derail (though without doing much harm), so one had to be well supplied with reading matter for the frequent delays. One day I took along this book, and began reading it.

The book simply besotted me, and I did nothing for several weeks but reread it and cook from the recipes. It tells the story of Clementine, a Burgundian cook who first worked for her American employers in France, and then followed them to America when the war broke out. Clementine is a wonderful woman as well as an inspired cook and probably the first person to make Americans conscious of the French devotion to good food, not as an occasional *haute cuisine* treat, but as an everyday matter.

At this time, I had just gotten a promotion in the advertising business, graduating from the basement advertising to the regular ad department of Hutzler's, and the thought came to me that Clementine was fine for France, but what about my own childhood memories of Rome, an Italy not known to many Americans? I stewed over the idea for several trips and derailments, and finally started writing on the train, both in the morning and in the evening, when I was going home to Annapolis and the shenanigans of St. John's College, where my then-husband was teaching the Hundred Great Books. (Personally, it always annoyed me that the St. John's people acted as if they had discovered these books,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IN CHAPTER ONE of *Outgrowing Democracy: A History of the United States in the Twentieth Century* (Doubleday, 1984), the conservative historian and historical philosopher John Lukacs declares the themes of his book to be "what the end-phase of the modern age means for the institutions of the United States and for the evolving character of its people; the bureaucratization of American life, the mutations of American thinking, the inflation of words and aspirations, of institutions and of money, the insubstantialization of matter with its dangers, the spiritualization of matter with its evident dangers and potential promises." Four years later, these concerns are mirrored by a much shorter work by another conservative, the sociologist Robert Nisbet, whose *The Present Age: Progress and Anarchy in Modern America* (Harper & Row, $17.95) adduces far more anarchy than progress in the history of the United States in the past three-quarters of a century and is, in fact, the most pessimistic work written from a conservative viewpoint that I have read since *Outgrowing Democracy*.

"The present age in American history," Nisbet affirms, "begins with the Great War." To World War I, which marked the end of "American innocence" and the start of "a virtual 75 Years' War," can be traced the anarchy of a culture of individuals hanging "loose upon society" (in Dr. Johnson's phrase), the absolutism of a society dedicated to the ideal of democratic egalitarianism, the militarization of the American defense establishment and the moralization of American foreign policy, the super-bureaucratization of American government at every level, and the development of "a social order seemingly built out of a cash nexus." Another legacy of the period 1917-1919—what Nisbet calls the Great American Myth: that America, almost singlehandedly, won the war and could win any and every other with equal ease—prevails today at the Pentagon and in the White House; among the American people, Nisbet believes, it is fast waning. "Americans are much less likely than they were a century ago to believe there is a special Providence that looks out for America and guides her purity of conscience to ever greater heights. . . . On the basis of recent White House occupants, it is unlikely that Americans will be coaxed and preached back to the American Idyll."

Simply stated, Nisbet's diagnosis is that the contemporary United States suffers from giantism. ("It is a deeply flawed giant; not yet moribund but ill-gaited, shambling, and spastic of limb, often aberrant of mind.") The American Constitution was clearly "designed for a people more interested in governing itself than in helping to govern the rest of the world"; just as clearly, "there can be no doubt of what the Framers most definitely did not want: a highly centralized, unitary political Leviathan." Nevertheless, after two hundred years the United States has become a country in which even so-called "conservatives" demand that Washington make a commitment to "global democracy" and a "conservative" President "departs office having increased the size of the bureaucracy, the national debt, and budget deficits." Whereas the delegates to the Constitutional Convention had in mind a republic that would mind its own, strictly limited, business in the world, while allowing its citizens to mind theirs, the United States today is intent upon "making holy everything it touches" abroad and dragooning Americans into doctrinaire notions of egalitarianism.

Fundamental to this perversion of the Framers' original intent, as Nisbet explains in one of the most interesting portions of his book, is the replacement of pluralist, sectional, and federal ideals by the ideal of "community"—both national and global—nurtured by President Wilson and raised to maturity by his erstwhile young admirer and appointee, Franklin D. Roosevelt. The communitarian ideal, by which the state becomes the modern equivalent of the church, is implicit in the attitudes of such thoroughly contemporary politicians as Governor Mario Cuomo, yet received its clearest and most direct formulation in the writings of Rousseau—who, in Nisbet's opinion, is really the patron saint of the present political age, of far more relevance to progressivism today than Marx or Lenin. "Perhaps," Nisbet suggests, "only under the camouflage of the rhetoric of freedom is the actual power of the state increased more easily than under the camouflage of the rhetoric of community."

Nisbet, who like Lukacs is a great reader (and quoter) of Tocqueville, thinks the United States today may be in the intermediary period described by the Frenchman when he wrote:

> But between these two extremes of the history of nations [earlier described as "the complete equality of the whole community and the absolute separation of ranks"] is . . . a period of glory as well as ferment, when the conditions of men are not sufficiently settled for the mind to be lulled in torpor, when they are sufficiently unequal for men to exercise vast power on the minds of one another, and when some few may modify the convictions of all. It is at such times that the great reformers arise and new ideas change the face of the world.

Though he believes that "the time would appear to be congenial to a revolution in ideas as was the eighteenth century in America," Nisbet makes it plain that no such ideas have been adumbrated by the Reagan Revolution, nor can they be expected to arise from the Republican Party and movement conservatism as they are presently constituted.

ALSO LIKE Lukacs, Robert Nisbet is thoroughly disenchanted by Reaganism (if he was ever under its spell), and he is not timid in expressing his disenchantment. He seems to view the Reagan Administration as representing the forces of decadence, rather than of renewal, in American society. He intimates that there is a pseudo-imperial pomp to the Hollywood White House, with its moralistic foreign-policy feints, reckless encouragement of what Eisenhower called the military-industrial complex, atmosphere of extreme liquidity, in which unprincipled individuals hang loose upon the government, cutting themselves good deals as they go along to get along, and elevation of image over substance, PR over truth and sincerity. All these, Nisbet suggests, are recognizable symptoms of the anomie and anarchy of the present age, in which the Cash Nexus and the Power State are the greatest goods. □

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which in Europe would be part of any educated person's intellectual baggage, but who was I to complain?)

This is how I started writing *Reminiscence and Ravioli.* The title was supplied by the publisher, William Morrow, and, unlike many titles dreamed up by publishers, it actually describes the book very well. I looked through this book again the other day, and I still think that it is quite a charmer. The recipes, I must admit, are not at all written as American recipes should be—that is, as completely as possible, so that even someone who has never cooked before can follow them. My recipes in *Rem and Rav* (which to my great delight was a best-seller) took a certain knowledge of Italian cooking for granted. But American recipe writing had not yet progressed to its current stage, and thus nobody minded the way I told my readers how to make the dishes we had eaten in the vignettes preceding the recipes.

In spite of the war—and thanks to the book I had embarked on, as well as to my Baltimore job—I did not have a bad time in Annapolis. I have not been back there since, but I now realize that we lived a charmed, Southern sort of life. Nowhere else have I gotten anything like the incredible thick cream Mr. Rideout brought daily from his farm somewhere in the depths of Anne Arundel County. In the spring, it tasted of the wild garlic on which Mr. Rideout's cows had grazed; thus it could not be used for desserts, but the garlicky cream was fine for beef Stroganoff, and that is what we ate in the spring. Nicolas Nabokov, the composer, who also taught at St. John's, had taught me to make the dish in the true Russian fashion. I remember his ironing blouses for me and using our telephone all the time to call Stravinsky, who was supposed to be in Washington, about one and a half hours by bus from Annapolis.

I was blessed with good help in Annapolis. I started out by doing as a Southern lady had advised me to do: I stood in front of our house and asked the first likely-looking woman who walked by if she knew someone who would work for me. Thus I got Mrs. Macgowen, who was small, black, and very energetic and proper in dealing with my little boy, Tony. Mrs. Macgowen always wore a hat, even indoors and in her own house; her daughter told me that no one in her family had ever seen her hatless.

My son Julian was born in Annapolis, and in order to celebrate his christening we had a giant party, for which people came from far and wide. Mrs. Macgowen led the way to the church, carrying Julian, all dressed up in my own lacy christening dress, lying on a large velvet cushion. My husband and Tony and I, the godfathers and godmothers, assorted guests, and a number of citizens we picked up along the way followed her in what was later described to me as an amazing procession. All I remember of the party that followed is that it went on all night (I had gone to bed at my usual early hour) and that for years afterward, I heard rumors of astonishing things that had happened. And to this day, I can smell the odor of sulphur that filled my kitchen as Mrs. Macgowen made hundreds of stuffed eggs for the party. God rest her soul. □

THE GIMLET EYE

NUCLEAR CO-OPTIONS

D. Keith Mano

AN EVENING with William Sloane Coffin and Jonathan Schell is somewhat like an evening in the ozone hole. I'd rather listen to crematorium music. The experience, nonetheless, can be instructive. Coffin and Schell, after all, head America's disarmament lobby. Schell got famous by doing for nuclear winter what Charles Dawson did for Piltdown man. Coffin, president of the newly merged SANE/FREEZE, has been making "five or six" speeches a day across America. He will "barnstorm" Europe and Russia as well. With his styptic, puff-adderish attack, Coffin has refurbished the peace movement (moribund recently, according to Schell), and given it some kind of vox pop charisma. Any Coffin-Schell scenario for disarmament and world peace is so utopian, so absurd that—if you didn't know better—you might think their brain stuff had become solid cubic zirconia. But Coffin-Schell have an ulterior motive: they intend to impair American power and resolve. And they mean to do that by co-opting conservative ideas.

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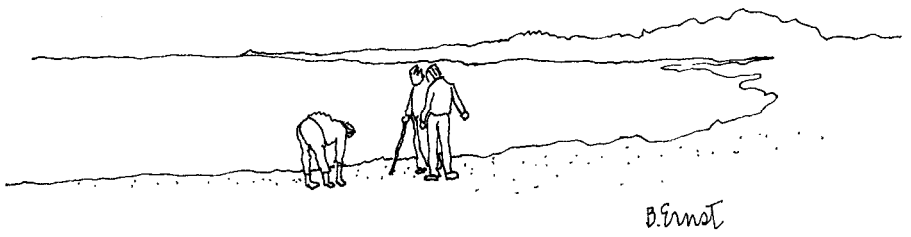

Reagan Co-opted. Gorbachev did that first and brilliantly. His see-your-nothing-and-double-it response to Reagan's zero-option challenge was black-belt psychological karate. (Zero option, Schell and Coffin contend, originated with a Dutch peace-movement proposal. Reagan was trying to co-opt the Dutch.) Though Schell and, particularly, Coffin parboil Reagan for Iranscam and Reaganomics, they are protective toward INF and his courtship of Gorbachev. Reagan, Schell will insist, "is an avowed abolitionist in his fashion. And Gorbachev, too. We should take them at their word." (Of Gorbachev, Coffin said: Russian "reformers come rarely and rarely last long. It behooves us to . . . sign as many arms-reduction treaties as we can in the coming months." This logic is specious and scary, of course. If Gorbachev has such a short life span, who will honor all that contractual commitment?) But Schell and Coffin are most dependent on Reagan. Only a conservative President can move with flank speed toward disarmament. By "coming months" they mean whatever is left of this lame-duck Administration.

Inspection Co-opted. This, I reckon, will be the most effective new peace-movement gambit through 1995 or so. Out of sensible pessimism, conservatives have insisted on inspection since, oh, Troy. The radical Left was much less enthusiastic: predictably, it construed a demand for verifiable reduction as harassment against "sensitive" Soviet regimes. That began to change around 1980. Schell, for instance, said about INF: "I feel it has great importance because it established the principle of on-site inspection." Both Coffin and Schell consider inspection to be a useful instrument of one-world leftism. Coffin: "International inspection will have to chip away at absolute national sovereign power [read: American power]. No nation will have the right to overrule international inspection." Gorbachev, probably, now realizes that his closed culture (in a black-hole-sized land mass) is virtually impenetrable to inspection. No monitoring force can encompass it. Anyhow, international inspection—UN sponsored, say—would be handily susceptible to Soviet political pressure and Third World, anti-American bias. Set loose in the U.S., moreover, it would provide convenient cover for espionage. Next round, expect Gorbachev to demand international inspection. No President could resist that without losing political face.

Co-opting SDI. However reluctantly, peacemongers have been forced to recognize the unanswerable logic behind SDI. They can no longer dismiss it without appearing irresponsible. So Schell said, "I believe that a deployment of anti-nuclear, but non-nuclear, defenses should be permitted." This is not the major concession to Reaganite doctrine that it might sound like at first. A Schell SDI would be set in place *after* all weapon and delivery systems have been dismantled. Just when we don't need it. His SDI "would have no resemblance to the Star Wars program—because the kind of thing you'd be protecting against would be airliners . . . not ballistic missiles." Through that most critical period—when the Soviet Union and the United States would be half-disarmed but still lethal—there would be no defense beyond prayer.

Co-opting Deterrence Theory. Case by case Schell confronts the rationale for deterrence in order to flip it back on itself. His demonstration is not impressive. Nonetheless, he has been careful not to ignore conservative positions. For instance: Schell would agree—what else could he do?—that nuclear technology cannot be suppressed. What then, deterrence advocates say, is to prevent a rogue nation from re-arming in secret? The present nuclear standoff has at least achieved some stability. A race from scratch would be chaotic. Yet this very knowledge that seems too dangerous is, according to Schell, a crucial "hedge" against immoral re-armament. If X re-armed, so could Y and Z. So, well, X won't. That makes sense doesn't it? "The fact that you can't disinvent the weapons is turned around and, instead of being an Achilles heel of abolition, becomes a sort of stabilizing or reassuring thing." Mostly to our adversaries.

One-Worldism as an Intellectual Armature for Communist Expansion. Some weeks ago I wrote here that the word "Communist" had been purged from left-wing rhetoric in favor of "socialist." But socialism, too, has unfortunate associations—including a failure streak so monotonous that it would disable any less well-connected system. One-worldism, the political doctrine, is to human thought what masturbation is to sexual love: infantile and unprocreative. But, as a code word for Communist ambition, it can provide serviceable camouflage. Where democratic capitalism will tend to promote national and personal diversity, both the Communist and the one-world viewpoints require homogeneity. Neither Schell nor Coffin would opt for world government on a UN model. "We're not going to change the world from the top down," Coffin said (after positing an international income tax). "I'm dedicated to grassroots organizations." "Grassroots," in this context, has the same heft that "proletariat" had for Lenin. Lenin was a one-worlder, too: *his* world. Ask Estonians and Lithuanians what the practical effect of that one-worldism is. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A Word or Two before You Go . . . by Jacques Barzun (Wesleyan, 191 pp., $14.95)

FOR WELL OVER fifty years Jacques Barzun has exercised an illuminative and antiseptic influence on American culture. A man of immense learning and urbanity, he is nevertheless full of that "common sense to an uncommon degree" which Coleridge thought was wisdom. Rather than content himself with being a Mandarin intellectual, Barzun has directed his energies by intentions at once intellectual, moral, and republican. Thus he has tilted against those false gods of a Godless age, far more jealously demanding than the One they deposed: art and science deified. *A Word or Two before You Go . . .* cannot compare in importance to Barzun's attacks

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on aestheticism and scientism (in *The Use and Abuse of Art, Science: The Glorious Entertainment,* and *Darwin, Marx, and Wagner*), but it is a book of real value, containing short essays on language written from the 1940s to the 1980s. The clear-eyed attentiveness to substance and communication is eloquent: "In spite of popular belief," he writes, "it is possible to reason out matters of language [and it] is also important, because words point to ideas and suggest feelings, which together constitute 'style' in the sense of moral and intellectual fitness." And again: "A language is not a mere device; it is a fund of embodied ideas. . . . Hence changes brought about by new forms and sounds in the web of its inner relations are as debatable as a piece of foreign policy or a bronze nude in a public square." No bronze here, but all gold. The essay "A Copy Editor's Anthology" follows on Barzun's widely read piece "Behind the Blue Pencil—Censorship or Creeping Creativity?" (1985) and should be read by every professional writer and by anyone else worried about the imperious and often ignorant re-writing done by copy editors—a particularly insidious and arrogant form of censorship. M. D. AESCHLIMAN

Lines of Battle: Letters from American Servicemen, 1941-1945, edited by Annette Tapert (Times Books, 297 pp., $22.50)

THE RECEPTION given her *Despatches from the Heart* (1984), an anthology of letters by British soldiers, has encouraged Mrs. Tapert to repeat the performance on behalf of our GIs. For readers beguiled by the lore of World War II, the result is well worth having. From thousands of items of correspondence she has selected one hundred, printed chronologically and covering the major theaters of war. There is a slight emphasis on the European theater because, as David Eisenhower puts it in his perceptive foreword, there "the ideological cast of the U.S. intervention . . . shines clearest." Both officers and dog-faces from the Air Corps, Army, and Marines are equitably represented, and their language is left inviolate. (Except for two missives by John F. Kennedy, the Navy does not appear.) The volume is lavishly illustrated, including some of Bill Mauldin's cartoons. A few celebrities rear their heads, such as Randall Jarrell and Ernie Pyle, but the show belongs preponderantly to the combat personnel. We find them describing at first hand the Iwo Jima flag-raising, Pearl Harbor, the Elbe River link-up. The longest epistle is a graphic account of life behind enemy lines in Italy by an OSS captain. The overwhelming impression is of the articulateness of the letter-writers. Dumb cow-hand? Mute, inglorious truckdriver? Don't you believe it. Here are some selections: Under a bombing, "the earth retches and writhes." "It's the fellows that have gone before us who make us willingly bear our burdens." "There is no beauty in war. There is heroism at times, but the desperate heroism of desperate necessity." Should the late Mr. Dryden, from some vantage point, be perusing this volume, he most probably will choose to repeat his maxim about God's plenty. CURTIS CARROLL DAVIS

BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 38)

ther. We ask the TV and radio people at lunch just how far they can safely go in reporting the news as they see it, and, after some hesitation and a quick back-and-forth in Hungarian, they reply that they really don't know. One gets the feeling they'll keep up the pressure.

The man from the Central Committee illustrates some of the complexities in the move from rigid Communist doctrine toward economic independence. The planners had decided there was a need for medium-priced small hotels, which could best be built and operated by private entrepreneurs. So it was proclaimed that it would be compatible with socialist doctrine for a man to build a hotel, providing it had no more than thirty beds. Many were built, and one by one they folded. Only then did the planners discover that to be viable a hotel would need 48 beds, which is the number of people a tour bus carries. So the law was changed. An individual may now own and operate a sixty-bed hotel. Freedom by thirty-bed increments.

It hasn't been easy, says the man from the Central Committee, and leans over to fill his visitors' glasses with tepid mineral water as warm and as sparkling as the Danube. Not easy, certainly, but they've come a long way since Mindszenty fled those red-starred tanks. □

FOSSEDAL & LIEBERMAN

(Continued from page 41)

If the U.S. can't influence the Kremlin, why negotiate arms-control treaties, or write editorials condemning the imprisonment of Andrei Sakharov? Why, in fact, have a foreign policy at all?

Occasionally, Democratic leaders express the fear that Americans harbor dangerously Reaganesque anti-Soviet attitudes, which must be repressed. Take, for example, this exchange with Gary Hart. "Would you say the Soviet Union is an evil empire?" we asked. Hart (laughing): "Well, yes, I'll say it: The Soviet Union is evil. But where do you get once you've said that?" Well, where you get is to a consensus about the nature of the Soviet Union, and we can then argue about what policies should result. Hart: "I understand. My point is simply that there are a lot of people out there who when you say the Soviets are an evil empire, are going to think we should stop trading with them or cut off all relations and negotiations." If that is the policy that logically follows from acknowledging what the Soviet Union is, why *not* adopt it? Hart: "Because it's not the right policy, and part of the job of leadership is to not inflame people into positions like that."

To fear that stating the truth will "inflame" the populace is to harbor something like an anti-democratic instinct. It is not that Hart and his ideological brethren fear the Soviets less, but that they fear the anti-Soviets more.

But in the Most Creative category, the prize must go to Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.) for producing, on the floor of the Senate, this explanation of Mikhail Gorbachev's opposition to SDI:

> The Soviet Union fully understands, as virtually every informed and independent American knows, that Star Wars almost certainly will not work. Why then has the Soviet Union so strongly protested the program if they do not regard it as a serious threat? Answer: Gorbachev knows that the one way he can surely persuade the Congress to go along with the President and divert military funds into this hopeless program is for Gorbachev himself to protest it.

A Soviet leader so diabolically clever? Perhaps. To us, though, that sounds just a teeny bit paranoid and McCarthyite. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS:

Amen

Nothing so well demonstrates the truth that traveling narrows the mind as the number of visitors to antique or hostile lands who return to proclaim their discovery that the people there are just like us.

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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NATURALLY CURIOUS, philosophically adventurous, socially graceful but emotionally naive. I enjoy French and Spanish, tennis and witty conversation. Respond for mutual provocation. Oh yes—physically, I am pleasing. Intellectually, I am well rounded. Since some think it relevant, I was born in 1954. Barbara, 3800 Dewey Avenue, Box 5112, Rochester, N.Y. 14616.

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FOR R.R., RE G.B.

NEW YORK, JUNE 24

Memo to: RR
From: Y'r servant, Jack

WELL, Mr. President, you won't be getting many more of these, but until you tell me to stop, I'll keep feeding them to you just as I've done since way back in Sacramento. I've been around the country for a couple of weeks (hope you missed me—I'm the only thing they didn't serve you on a silver platter in Moscow!), and I've picked up a couple of tremors you ought to know about. You probably do know about them, but here they are in memo form.

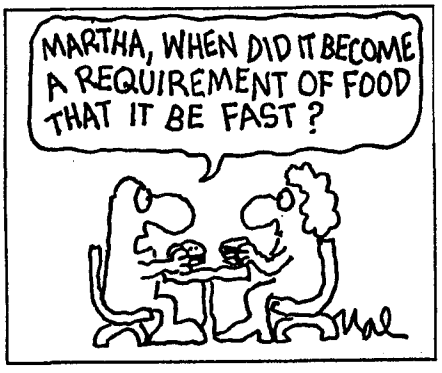
1. I know you come as close as you ever do to blowing up when anybody says you are concerned with your "place in history." Okay, you aren't. But you are concerned that the Reagan Revolution, as they call it and as my kids and your grandkids will be taught to call it, should appear to be something more than eight wild years while you were in the Oval Office. Either that Revolution sticks or it doesn't stick. FDR's—for example—stuck. In fact, it stuck so hard, you've never turned your back on it yourself. Well, if you want yours to stick, you've got to see that George is elected. Because if he isn't, the spin's going to be that the whole wide American world woke up one day and thought to themselves, *Oh my God! What have we been doing for eight years? Let's get back on course!* I know you, and you wouldn't like that, boss.

2. Now: How to get George elected. It isn't going to be easy. He's too old to give personality lessons to. Maybe he can study up on speech-giving, the way Gerald Ford did even after he was President. Remember the speech he gave in Kansas City the day after he took you to the cleaners? That was the result of hard work with a forensic technician (that's what they call them, so don't blame me). George needs to go to one of those to take some of the flatness out of his speaking style.

Next: You've got to—brace yourself, boss—you've got to pick a fight with him and *lose*. Yup. The French call that "noblesse oblige." You could do it with great style. Plan it for, oh, August or September. You go out on a little line at a press conference. Next day, George goes out on a different line. Full of, you know, "With all due respect to President Reagan"—all that stuff. Then let the tension build, for maybe three, four days. Then you crank up a little extra attention with the announcement that you will issue a fuller statement Monday at noon. And Monday at noon you say that, on reflection, you think George Bush was correct! And you give the reasons why, and why they overwhelm your initial enthusiasm for the alternative proposal. That would do a lot for George.

3. Now on the foreign front: George should plan three speeches on what he proposes to do "when" he's elected. Those three speeches should be pretty carefully composed to rely very heavily on your own speeches during the first five, six years. Stress for instance that the United States should stay strong; that the Soviet Union has broken accord after accord. That we're willing to try again and again because better jaw-jaw than wah-wah, the whole bit, but he comes out of it sounding like the Reagan who really mobilized the anti-Communist vote back in 1980, 1984. He doesn't have to give away anything to do with the possibility that the Soviet Union is changing. He can play that theme, though he shouldn't play it like Ravel's *Bolero*, if you see what I mean. But this way he can have the old Reagan let's-stay-tough theme, and still be the Flexible Man Willing to Face the Future.

4. On the deficit, get George to make a speech at the Convention, and for a week or two after that, you make reference to that speech and say, "Gee, I wish I had thought of that!" George can ask every congressman running for re-election to send in a public pledge addressed to the Smithsonian Institution, which can exhibit them, that that congressman will not vote a total of one more dollar in appropriations next year than he did last year, plus inflation. Then everywhere George goes to campaign, he can begin by listing the candidates who have taken the pledge and those who haven't taken the pledge.



You can say: Well, all along I have wanted a constitutional amendment, but it doesn't look like we're going to get one. Everyone says it's the responsibility of Congress. So, let's all back George Bush's bright proposal: to get Congress committed on the issue of expenses before it returns to Washington, not after.

You like? I hope so. I aim to please, boss. □

JIM WRIGHT, DEFENDANT

NEW YORK, JUNE 15

LAST WEEKEND, defending himself against the charge that an employee had pieced together his boss's book on public time, Congressman Jim Wright waged an artful defense, which no doubt he will take to the races if and when a truly serious investigation gets done.

What Wright said, in effect, was: Everybody Does It. Now under the law, as we know, that is not an emancipating excuse. But what Mr. Wright has primarily to fear is public opprobrium, and if he can convince the public at large that indeed that is pretty much the way Congress works, they will not hold the book against him. I take the opportunity to register my own view that, in all probability, Mr. Wright is correct: that *is* the way "they" do it.

And the reason for this is not very different from the reason Jim Wright gave. Any congressman who hopes to stay in office is going to divide his time between assuaging his constituents and weighing legislative proposals. There are times when it isn't entirely clear which of the two a legislator is in fact doing. If, for instance, a constituent writes in to protest against a proposed bill, a congressman is likely to turn to the bill and examine it with a view to answering his constituent's objections intelligently. He may, of course, then elect to advise his constituent that he intends to

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fight feverishly against the piece of legislation, which he too finds objectionable.

Now, what Mr. Wright is saying is: Look, this fellow Tony who works for me, he says he put in a couple of hundred hours on my book—well, that is an exaggeration, I think. Probably it wasn't much more than one hundred hours. But look what he did: He produced a book which brings together all of my political thinking and in that way helps to build a bridge between my constituents and me. Isn't that a whole lot more efficient than my endeavoring to answer every constituent, one letter at a time?

Now if that were the whole case against J. Wright, it would be dismissed, and properly so, in a matter of hours. It is a little more complicated than that. Mr. Wright stormed in last Sunday to a studio full of big-name authors/inquisitors and said to them: Look, the advances I have gotten for all my books *combined* wouldn't equal the advance you people (i.e., Sam Donaldson, George Will, David Brinkley) receive for a single book.

The effect of this is to suggest that Jim does on a very minor scale what others do on a major scale. It was a nice try, but it won't work very well, because the reason publishers give big advances to some writers is that they want to publish those writers' books and they are confident they will make a profit on the enterprise.

At this point, Jim Wright could have introduced an interesting and distracting subtlety. He could have said, "If you, Mr. Donaldson, earn less money on a book than you are advanced on it, aren't you receiving a subsidy?" That is the kind of question that throws the amateur listener off. Donaldson would have needed to explain that it is not a matter of public concern if a publisher desires to lose money on Sam Donaldson, but it is a matter of legal concern if a publisher intentionally loses money on a legislator. Because the common-sensical conclusion here is that the publisher is making a contribution to the legislator: and that, beyond a certain limit, is prohibited by the law.

Mr. Wright's book royalty—55 per cent—is certainly a figure to make all publishers and all authors sit up and take notice. Probably if Mr. Wright were to enact one of his generous welfare laws decreeing that all authors shall henceforward be paid 55 per cent, he would have so many writers writing books for and about him for nothing that Tony could be laid off or even pensioned. An investigating committee, it is fair to say, will wonder why it is that Ernest Hemingway got 15 per cent, and Jim Wright gets 55 per cent. The disparity would suggest—well, concealed motivations is one way to put it.

It seems pretty clear that someone, somewhere, in return for something—either that, or because he loves the color of Jim Wright's beautiful blue eyes—desired to give money to Jim Wright in excess of the amount the law allows individual donors to give him. Probably Jim's natural reaction to this was that it merely proves that the Biblical injunction that one should cast bread upon the waters is once again validated! No one throws away more bread than Jim Wright, so one shouldn't be surprised if some of that bread floats back, should one? Oh yes. The Ethics Committee will find itself fighting the Bible, before it is through. Before Jim Wright is through. □

PRINCETON'S SOCIAL HONOR CODE

NEW YORK, JUNE 22

AN ALUMNUS of Princeton University sends along evidence of a campus flirtation with thought control that poor Orwell died without thinking of. My correspondent quotes from a paragraph in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*. It reads:

"In addition to appointing new counselors, the administration is considering the implementation of a social honor code to complement the existing academic honor code. Focusing on respect for individual rights, the proposed code would concentrate on specific violations of these rights, including incidents of sexism, racism, class discrimination, and homophobia. As with the academic honor code, students would be obligated to report any violations of the social honor code, and incoming freshmen would be required to sign the code before matriculating. If approved, the new social honor code could be in place by the fall of next year."

For those not experienced with it, the old honor code works as follows. If you (a student) observe another student cheating during an exam, the honor code obliges you ("obligates," as Princeton puts it) to report that infraction to the authorities. The old code has been in effect a good many years, and it appears to work.

Under the proposed new "social honor code," one imagines that if a freshman hears a sophomore make a joke at the expense of girls, or of an ethnic group, or of gays or lesbians, or of the poor—or, for that matter, of the rich—he/she has the duty to go to the committee and say: "I was seated next to Jeremy Pushkin, '91, yesterday when we were having a beer after the tennis tournament, and Jeremy Pushkin told this story about this girl who had the hots for . . . who fell in love with . . . who . . . desired . . . the tennis teacher, and, and—but sir, I can't bring myself to tell you the last line. It was not the most sexist joke I have heard since lunch, but that one wasn't told by a Princeton student, so I don't have to tell you about it."

Some jokes, we should all admit, ought never to be told. President Ford's able Secretary of Agriculture, Earl Butz, got fired for being dumb enough to tell a bad ethnic joke to Nixon Watergater John Dean, who, not having squealed for three whole years, was dying of thirst and rushed off to print the joke in *Rolling Stone*. Butz should have been fired for telling that particular joke (it was that bad); but the idea of firing someone because he tells any joke at the expense of an ethnic minority group is certainly one way to bring on massive unemployment.

Violations of the proposed social honor code, moreover, exclude from consideration the contextual auspices under which a story is told, and these are usually the most informative about the teller's motives. An example: a few weeks ago, someone told me a mordantly funny story he had heard. I relayed it to a small, chic assembly:

Jesse Jackson arrives at the Pearly Gates. "Who are you?" St. Peter asks.

"I am President Jesse Jackson."

St. Peter fusses with his archives for a bit and then says, "We have no record of a 'President Jesse Jackson.' When did that happen?"

"About three minutes ago."

FROM THE ASSEMBLY, a low groan of pain at a story that seemed to make fun of a putative assassination of a putative first black American President. But—the story has apparently been one of the stock stories of black comedian Dick Gregory. And originating with a black man, it has the complicated force of back-of-the-bus lore, another verse of the old Negro spiritual chanting, but this time in the idiom of Las Vegas, about how "Nobody knows the trouble I've seed."

There are jokes, of course, with everyone and everything in sight as the victim. The *National Lampoon* specializes in exhaling the list. In doing so, it engages in monstrous tastelessness. But better that, I'd say, than the priggish censoriousness of the thought-controllers at Princeton. The following appeared as a filler on a page of a Yale humor magazine a generation ago: "Quis erat illa domina vidi tecum ultima nocte?" "Illa non erat domina. Illa erat mea uxor!" The Princeton Social Honor Code Committee would presumably recommend expulsion for the editor responsible for the sexist exchange, "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" "That was no lady, that was my wife!"

The editor, if expelled, would lose his/her opportunity to teach fellow students that jokes of that kind have been around a long, long time; and no social code is, realistically, going to do away with them. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Like some storm clouds — 151 187 88 60 138 12 108

B. Yucatan site of Mayan ruins — 139 28 122 47 97

C. Meeting with Pierre — 136 133 48 8 101 71 185 109 125 33

D. Where the waves pound — 100 155 54 9 40 79 188 69 21

E. Authorized — 52 64 150 159 169 25 145 10 87

F. They lie on the boundary between England and Scotland (2 words) — 128 18 148 175 61 144 46 4 116 171 26 73

G. This kind of gambler could be all wet — 183 95 110 19 45 98 65 178 32

H. Rapt — 165 152 129 173 24 85 13 172 67 49

I. Precious commodity at World Series time — 113 56 119 192 35 158 11

J. Turmoil — 99 182 80 14 27 190 1 62 124

K. Prohibition gave rise to this occupation (hyph.) — 83 114 177 131 59 121 134 5 68

L. Ponce de León wanted to be this — 162 44 91 23 106 2 130 141

M. Peculiarity — 117 104 160 31 81 142

N. Ready for repast — 42 96 137 74 153 164 6 34

O. Mental disorder — 179 168 77 193 38 58 15 120

P. Relaxes — 72 149 189 41 92

Q. Period currently viewed nostalgically — 43 70 126 105 170 37 16

R. Multilateral understanding — 180 118 93 57 7 154 29

S. Swimming — 166 191 75 102 86 50

T. Den furniture — 76 135 36 123

U. Apparent — 132 55 78 90 112 157 17

V. Opposite of waxes — 147 156 89 107 53

W. Inspires fear — 82 167 186 140

X. Hangs on to — 94 146 163 184 111 63 22

Y. N.Y.C. publication — 115 176 20 39 66 161 84

Z. Uncle "Sam," if NOW had its way! — 30 181 143 127 103 3 51 174

1 J	2 L		3 Z	4 F	5 K		6 N	7 R	8 C		9 D	10 E	11 I	12 A	13 H	14 J		15 O	16 Q		17 U
18 F	19 G		20 Y	21 D	22 X	23 L		24 H	25 E	26 F	27 J	28 B	29 R	30 Z		31 M	32 G	33 C		34 N	35 I
36 T	37 Q	38 O	39 Y	40 D		41 P	42 N	43 Q	44 L	45 G	46 F		47 B	48 C	49 H		50 S	51 Z	52 E		53 V
54 D	55 U	56 I	57 R	58 O		59 K	60 A	61 F	62 J	63 X		64 E	65 G	66 Y	67 H	68 K	69 D	70 Q	71 C	72 P	73 F
	74 N	75 S	76 T		77 O	78 U	79 D	80 J	81 M	82 W	83 K	84 Y		85 H	86 S	87 E		88 A	89 V	90 U	91 L
92 P	93 R	94 X	95 G	96 N	97 B		98 G	99 J	100D	101C		102S	103Z	104M		105Q	106L	107V		108A	109C
110G	111X	112U	113I		114K	115Y	116F	117M	118R		119I	120O	121K		122B	123T	124J	125C	126Q	127Z	128F
129H	130L	131K	132U		133C	134K	135T	136C	137N	138A	139B	140W	141L	142M		143Z	144F	145E	146X		147V
148F	149P	150E	151A	152H	153N		154R	155D	156V	157U		158I	159E	160M	161Y	162L		163X	164N	165H	166S
	167W	168O		169E	170Q	171F	172H		173H	174Z	175F	176Y		177K	178G	179O	180R		181Z		182J
183G	184X	185C	186W		187A	188D	189P	190J	191S	192I	193O										

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 54 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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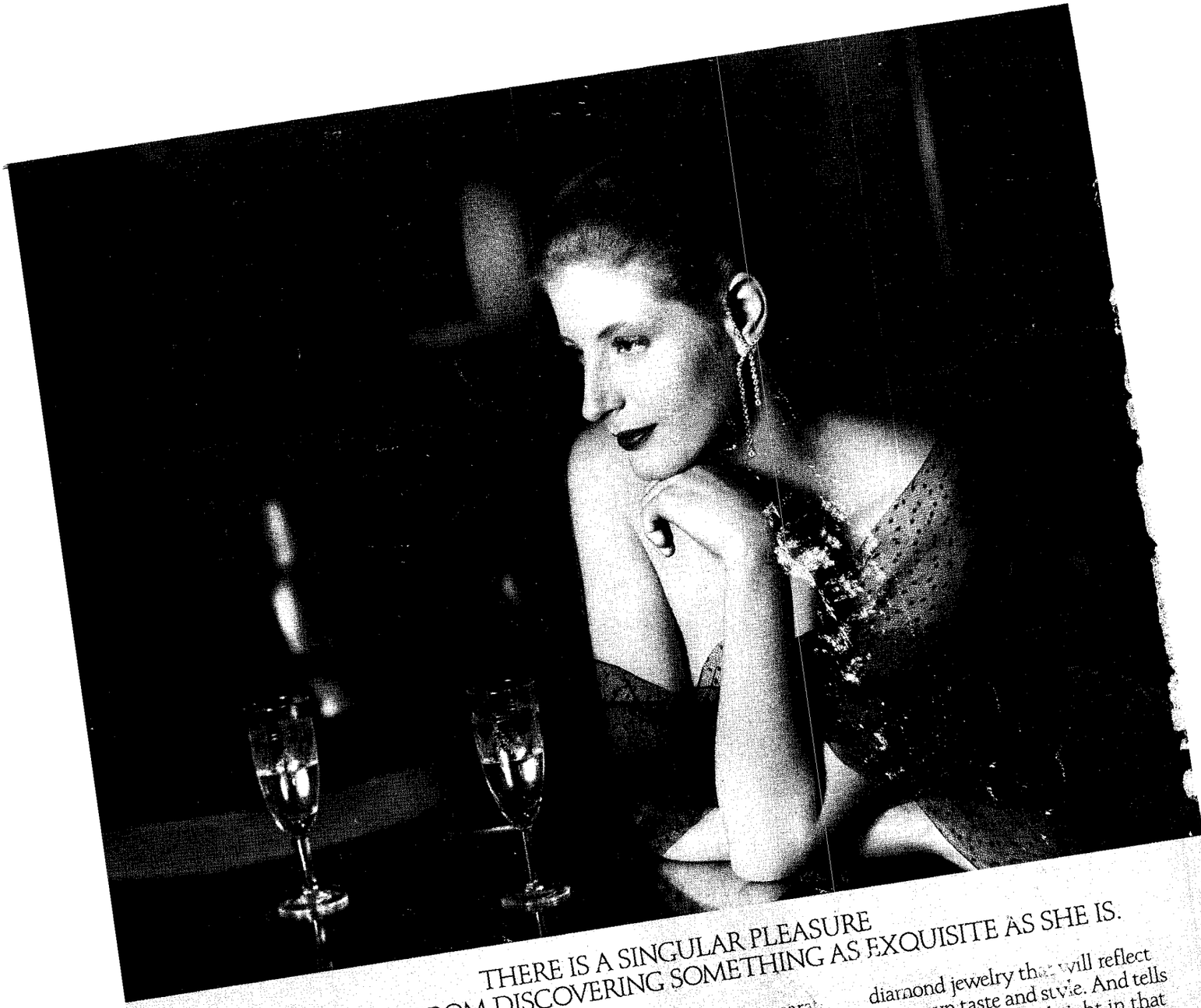

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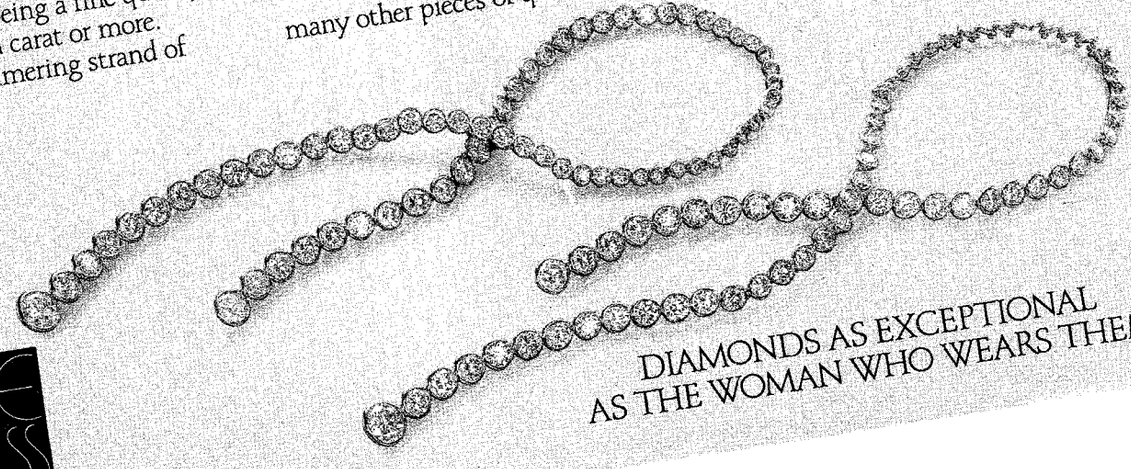
A diamond is forever.



DIAMONDS AS EXCEPTIONAL AS THE WOMAN WHO WEARS THEM.

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